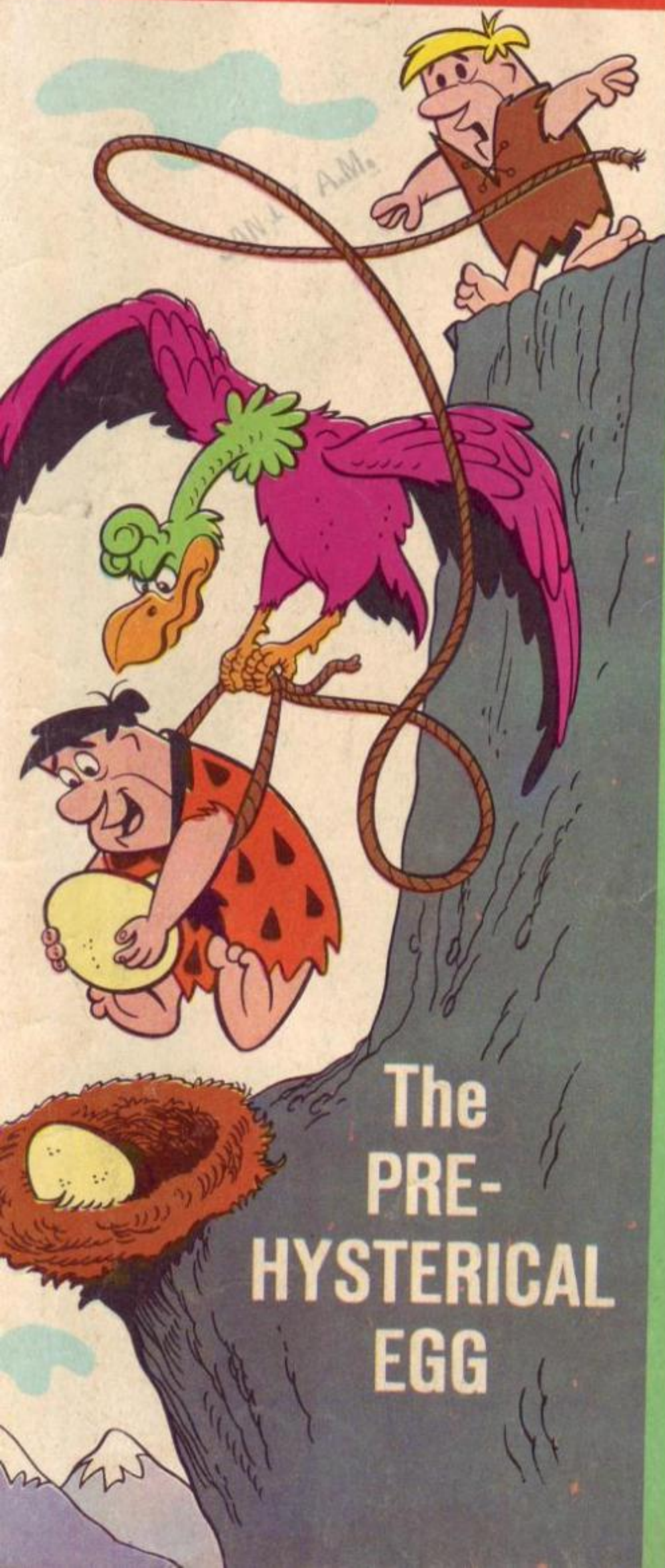


HANNA-BARBERA

# THE FLINTSTONES

0006-304  
APRIL



The  
PRE-  
HYSTERICAL  
EGG



(ULP!) BARNEY!  
I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE HOISTING  
ME UP!



GRAB  
THE  
ROPE!



HANG ON,  
FRED! I'LL  
SAVE YOU!

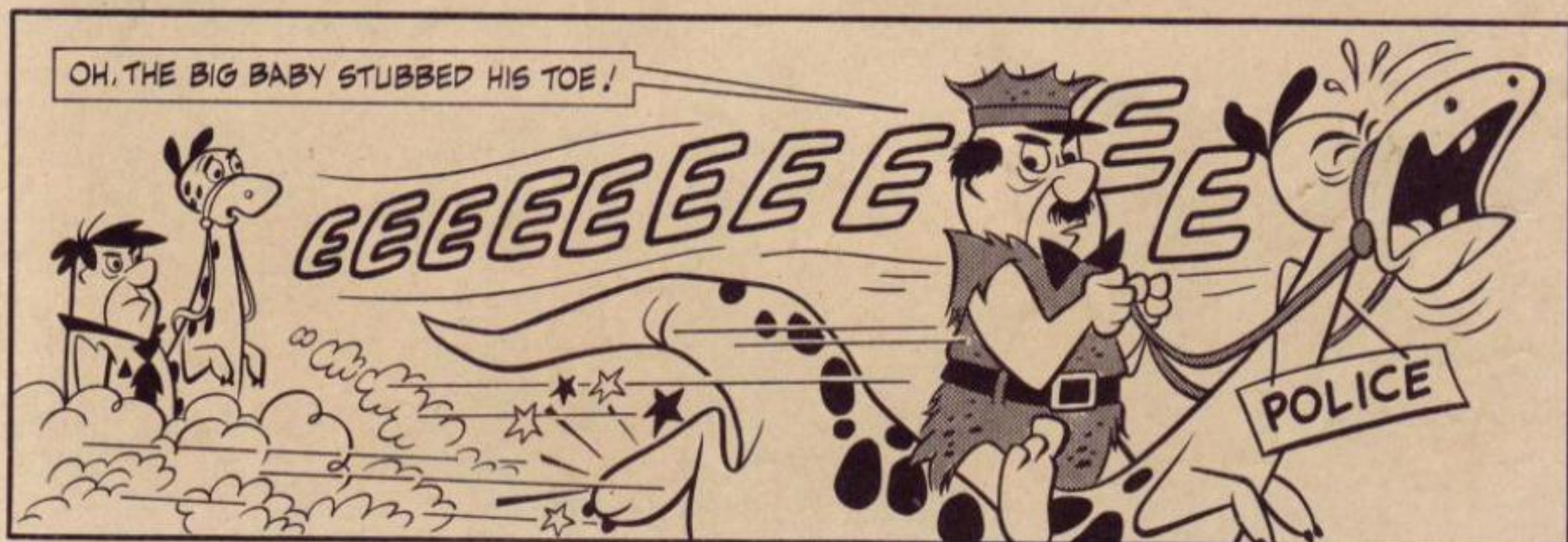
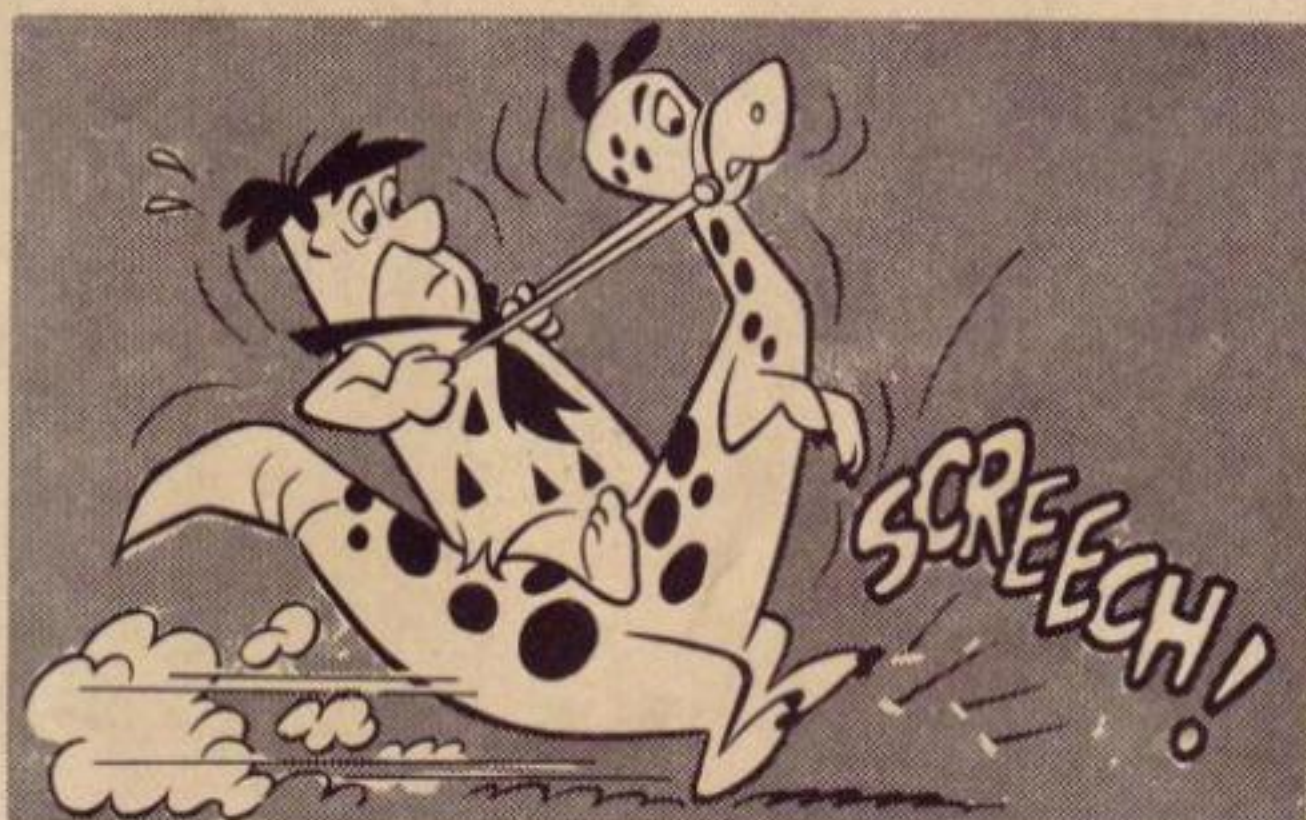
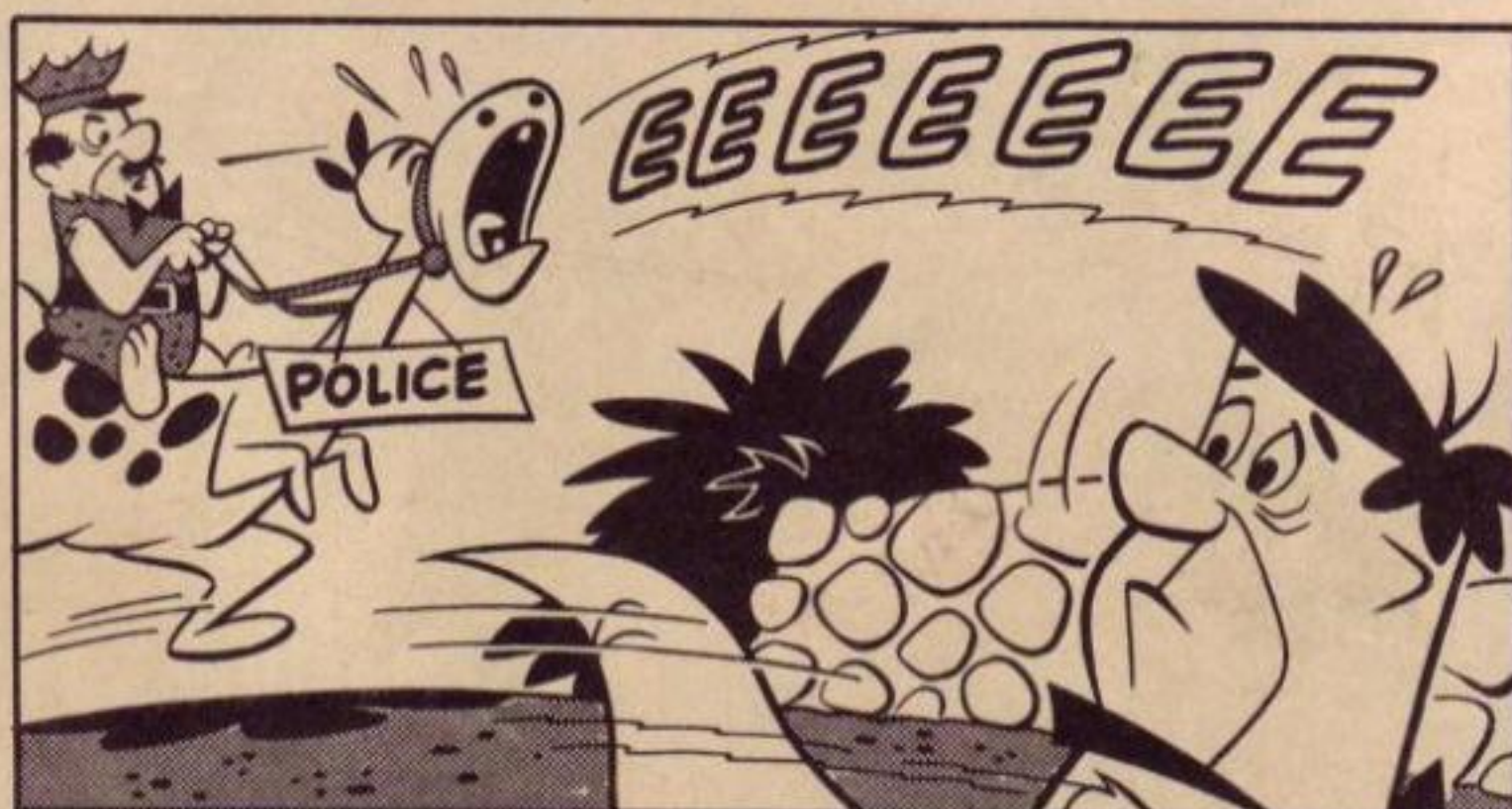
**TWANG!**

CONTINUED  
INSIDE



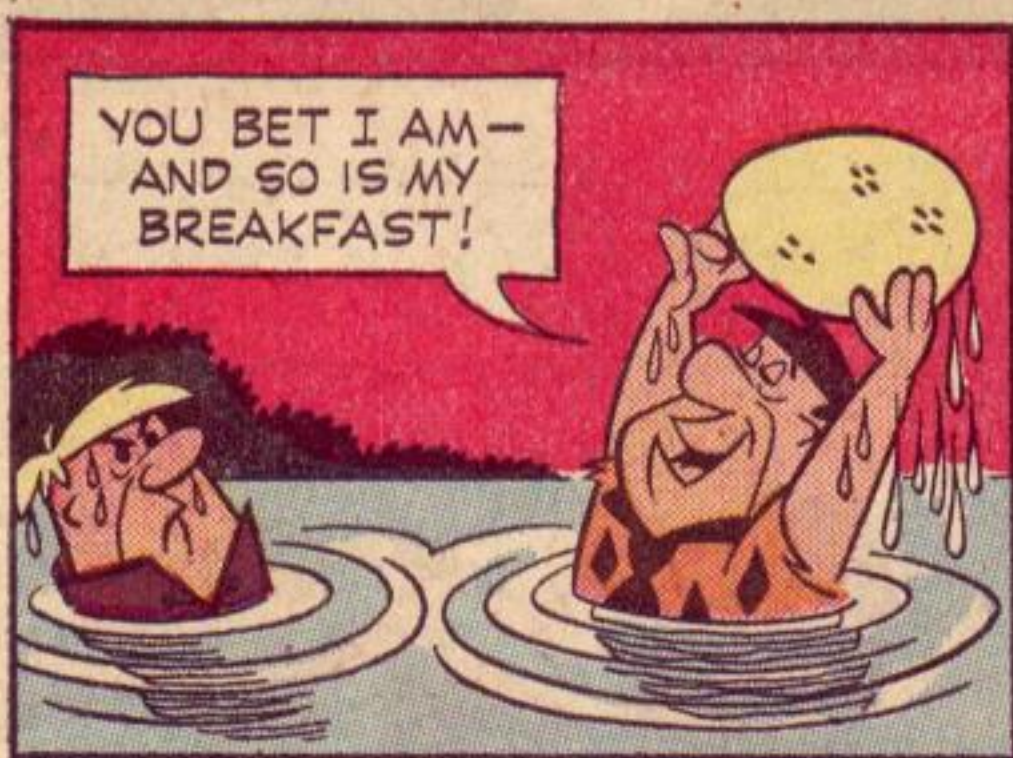
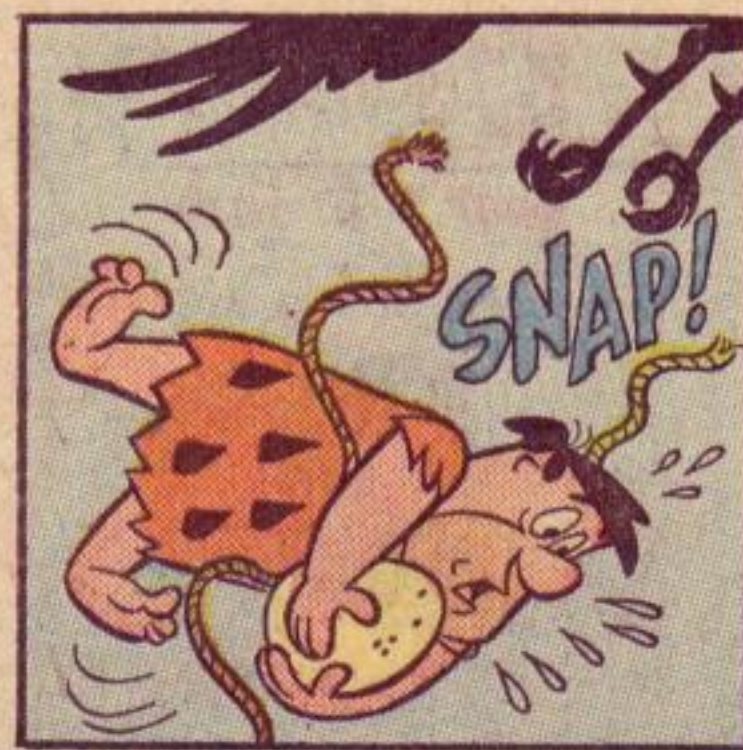


A  
Flintstone  
Funny



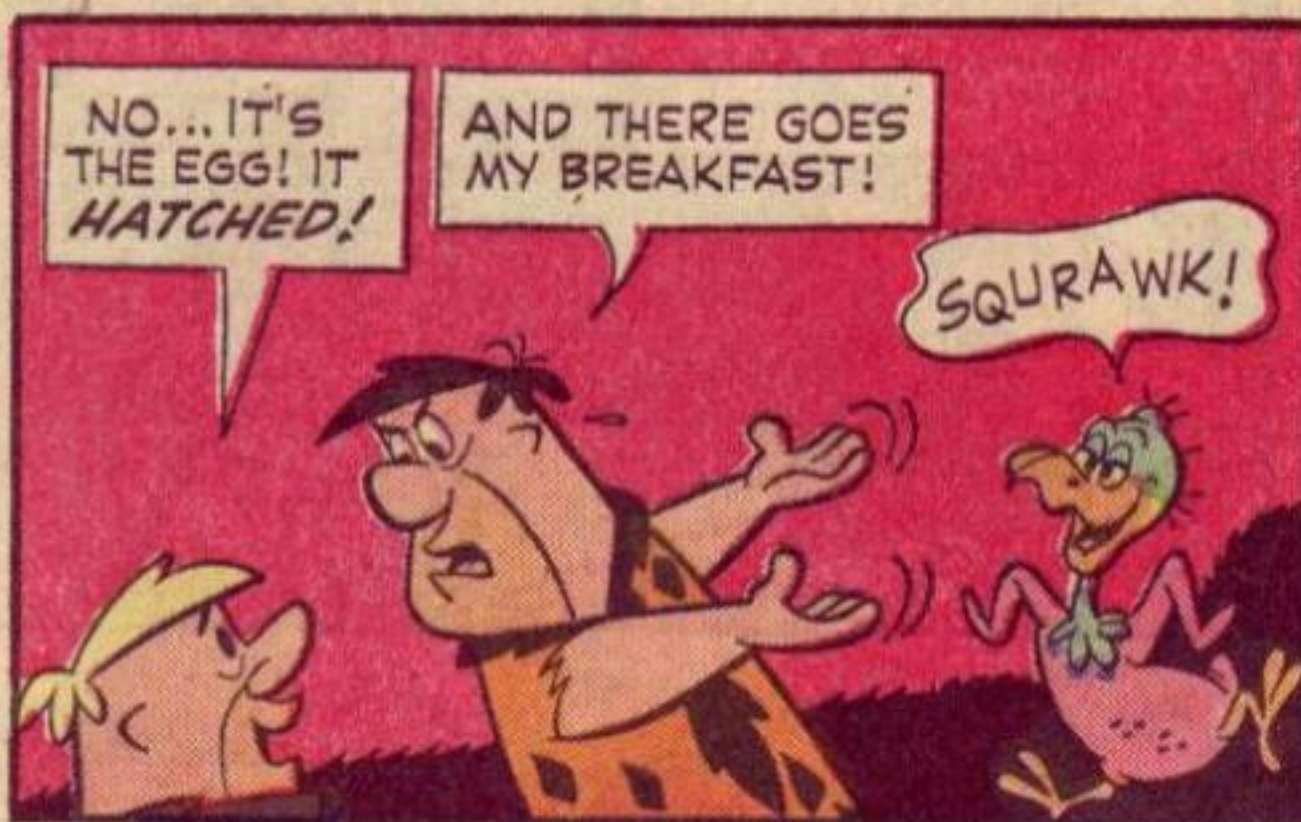
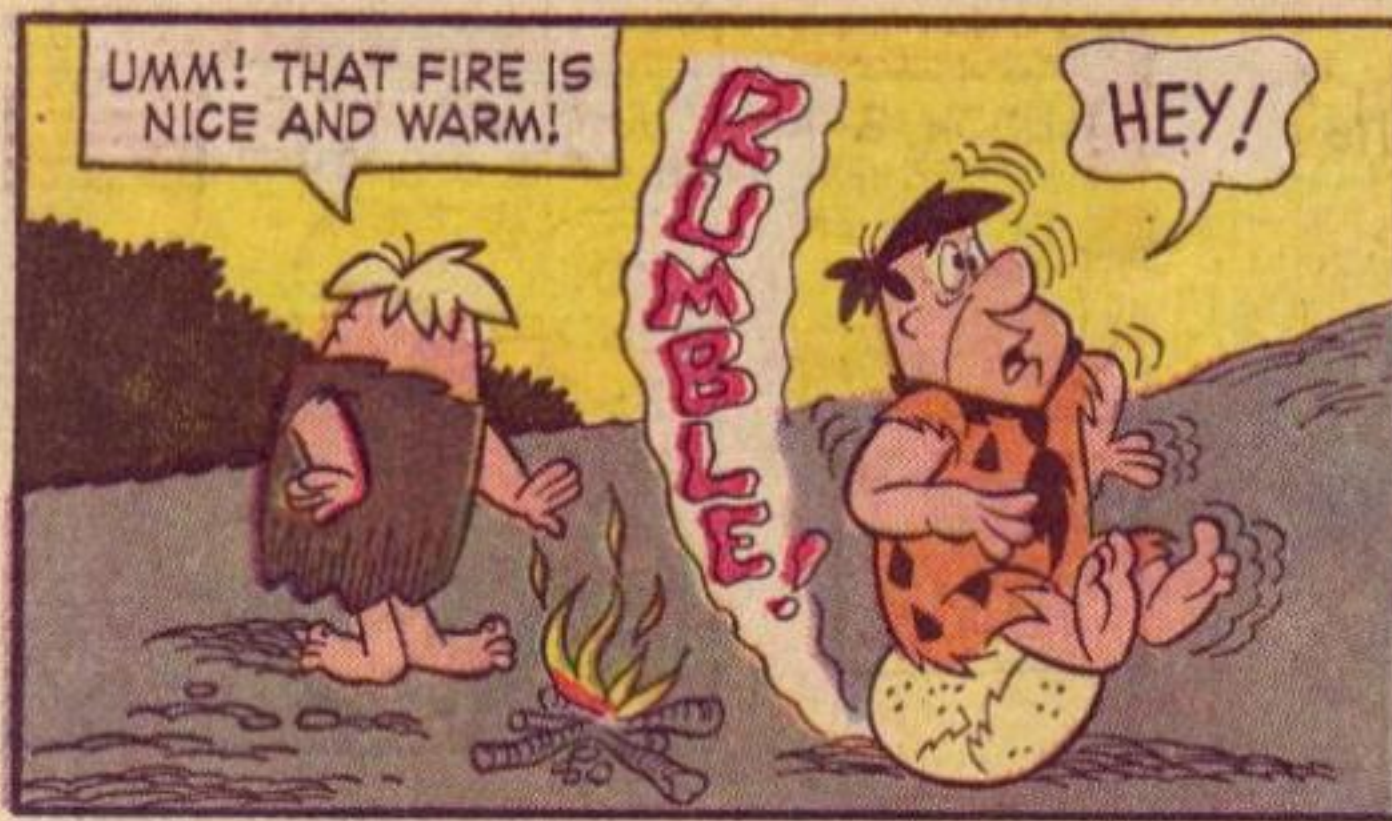


Hanna-Barbera  
the FLINTSTONES  
**THE PRE-HYSTERICAL EGG**  
CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER →

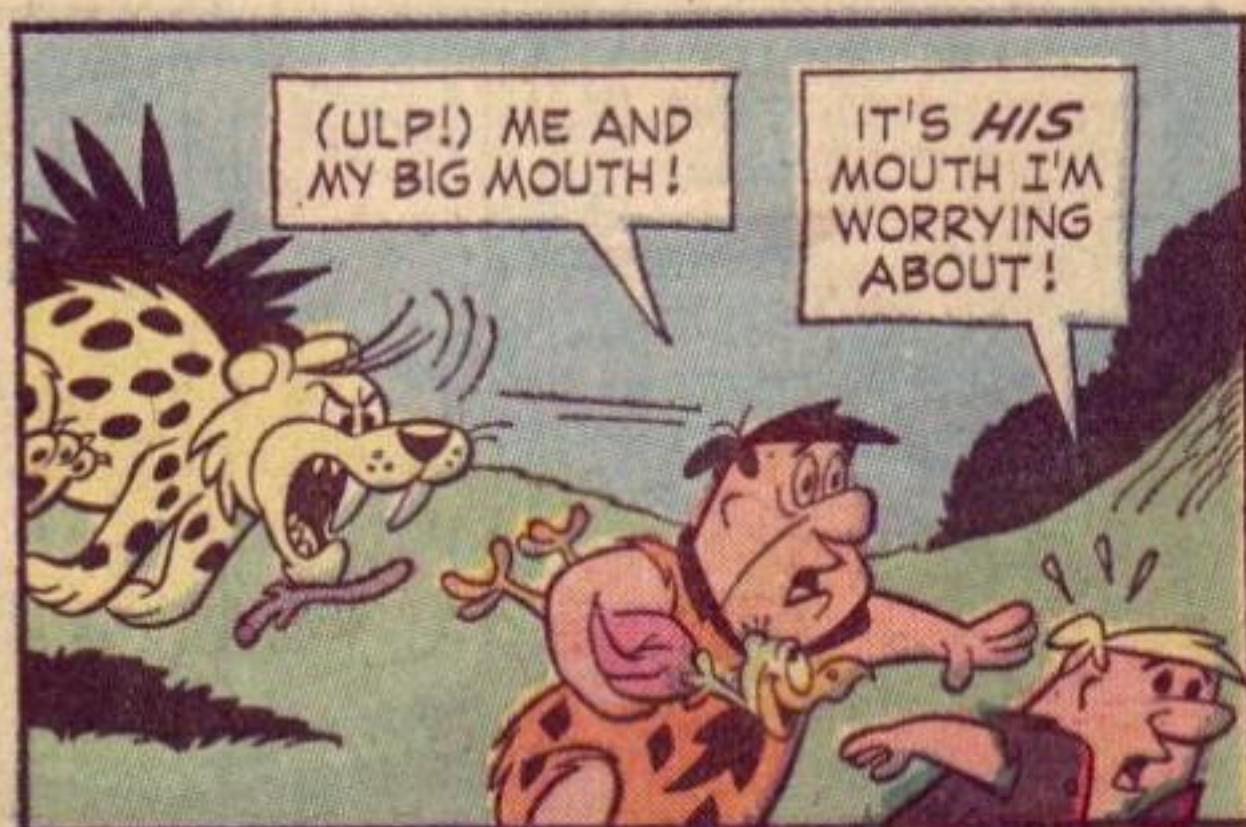
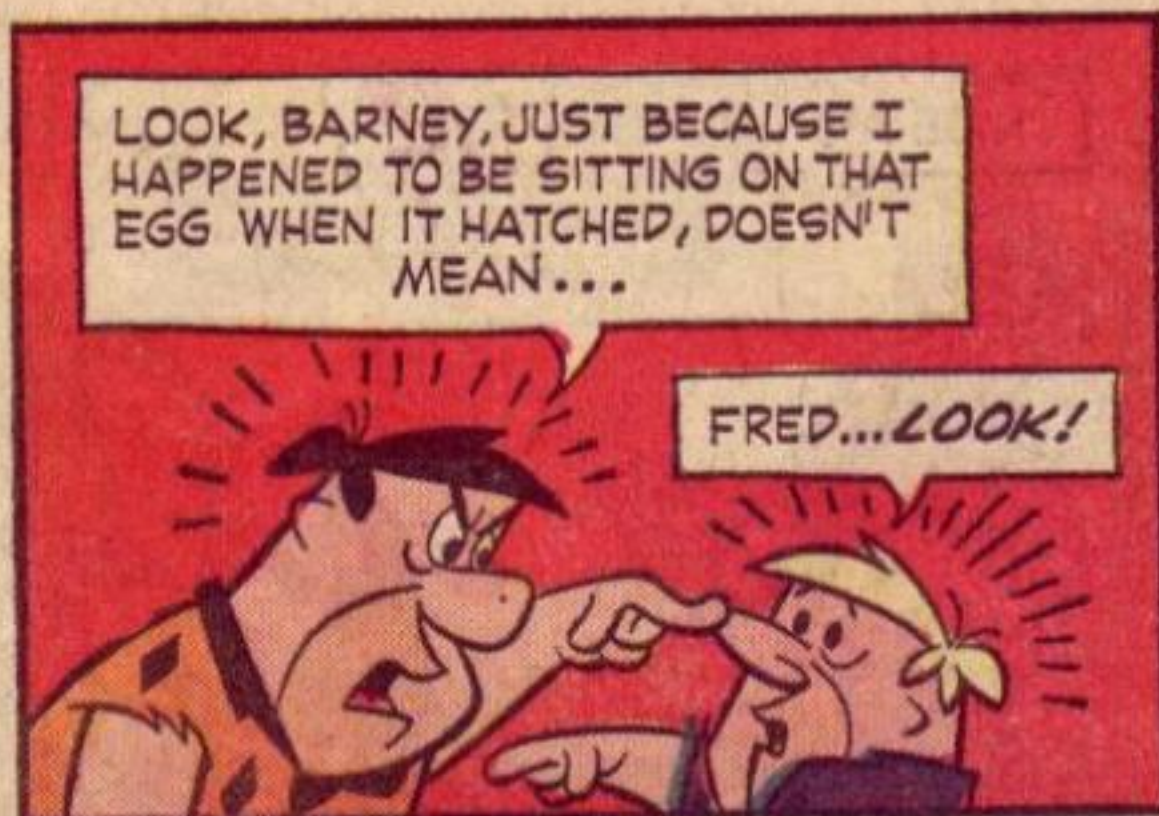


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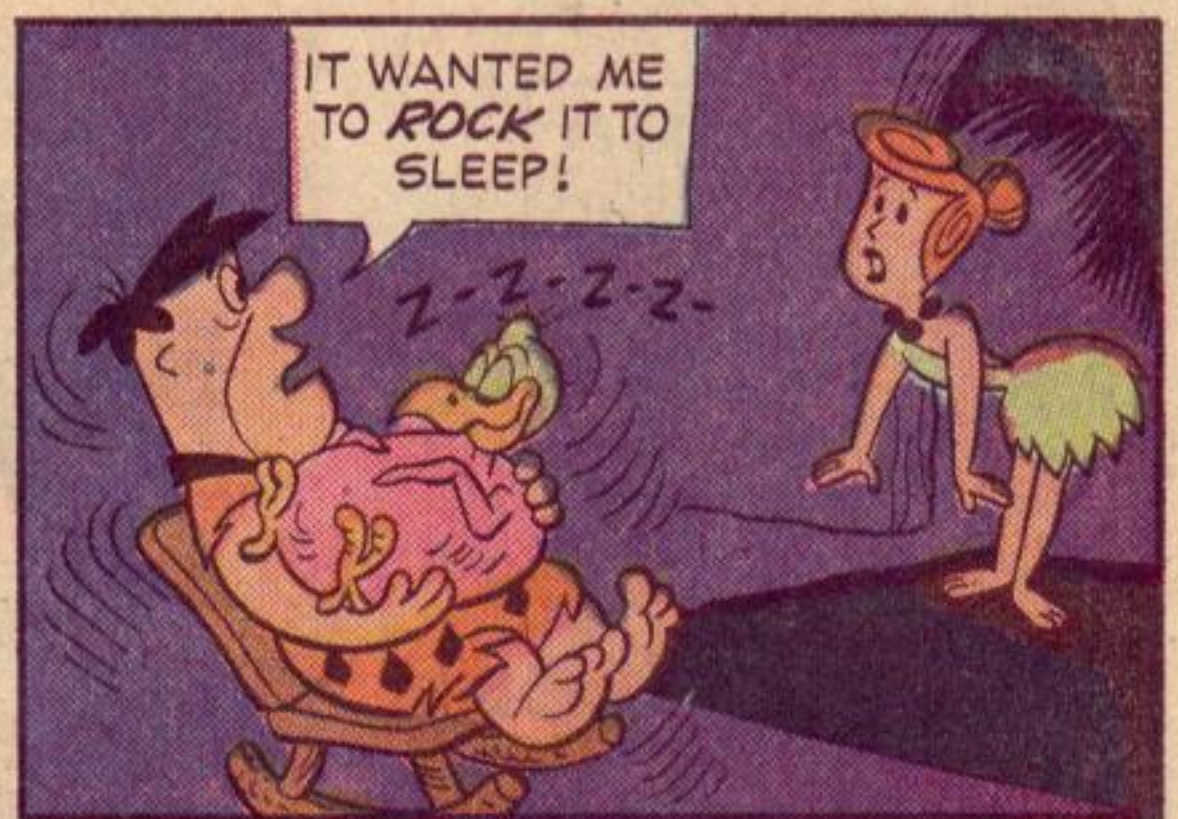




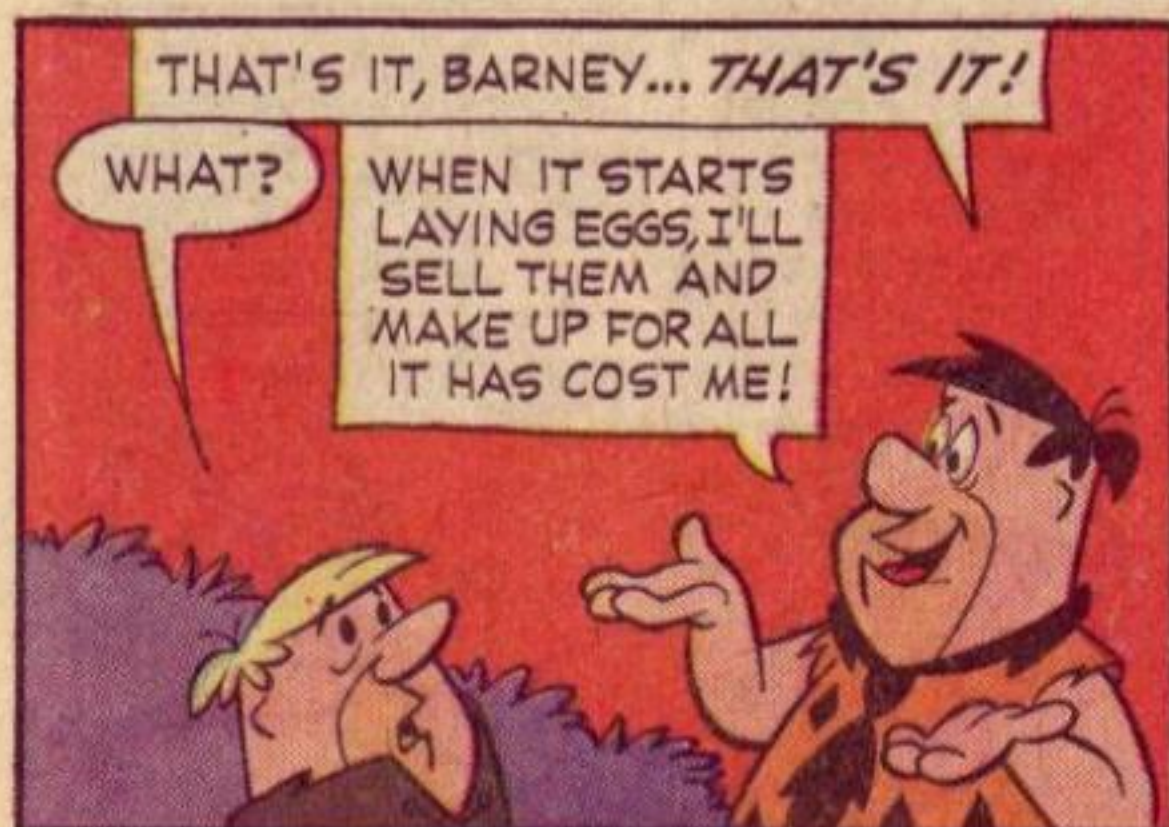
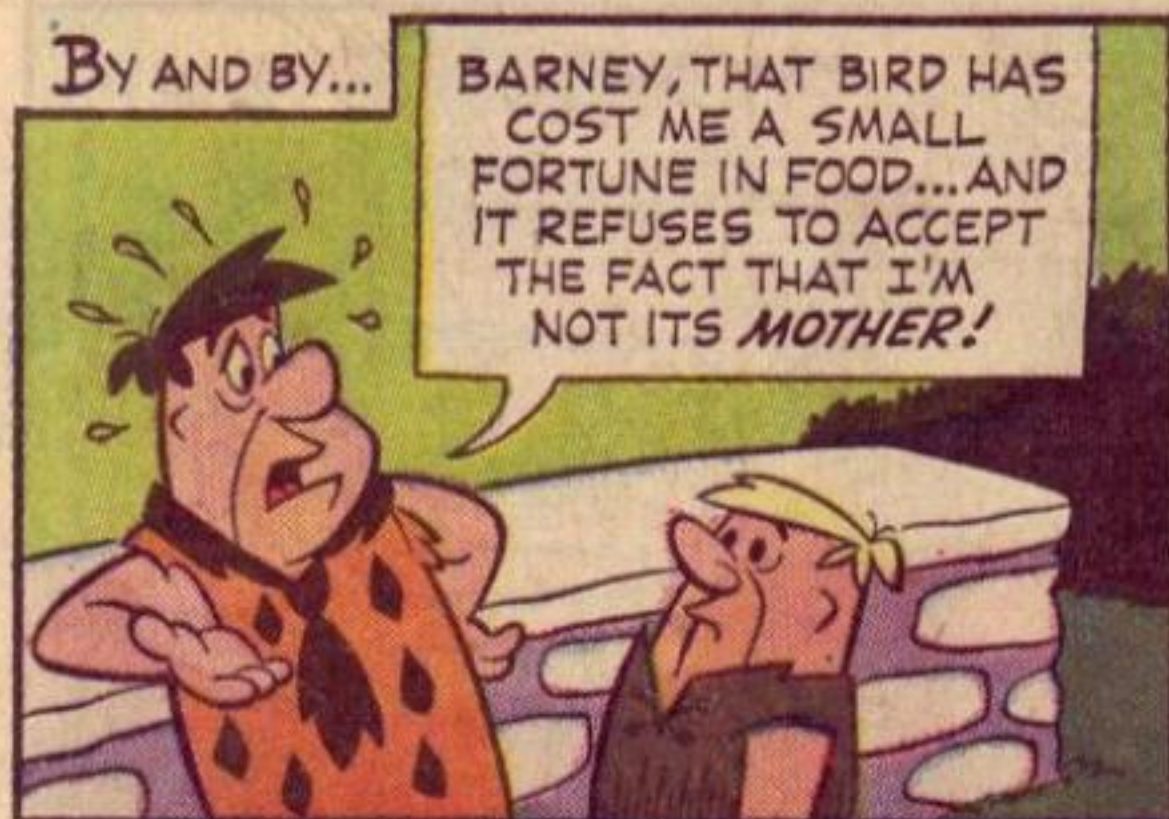




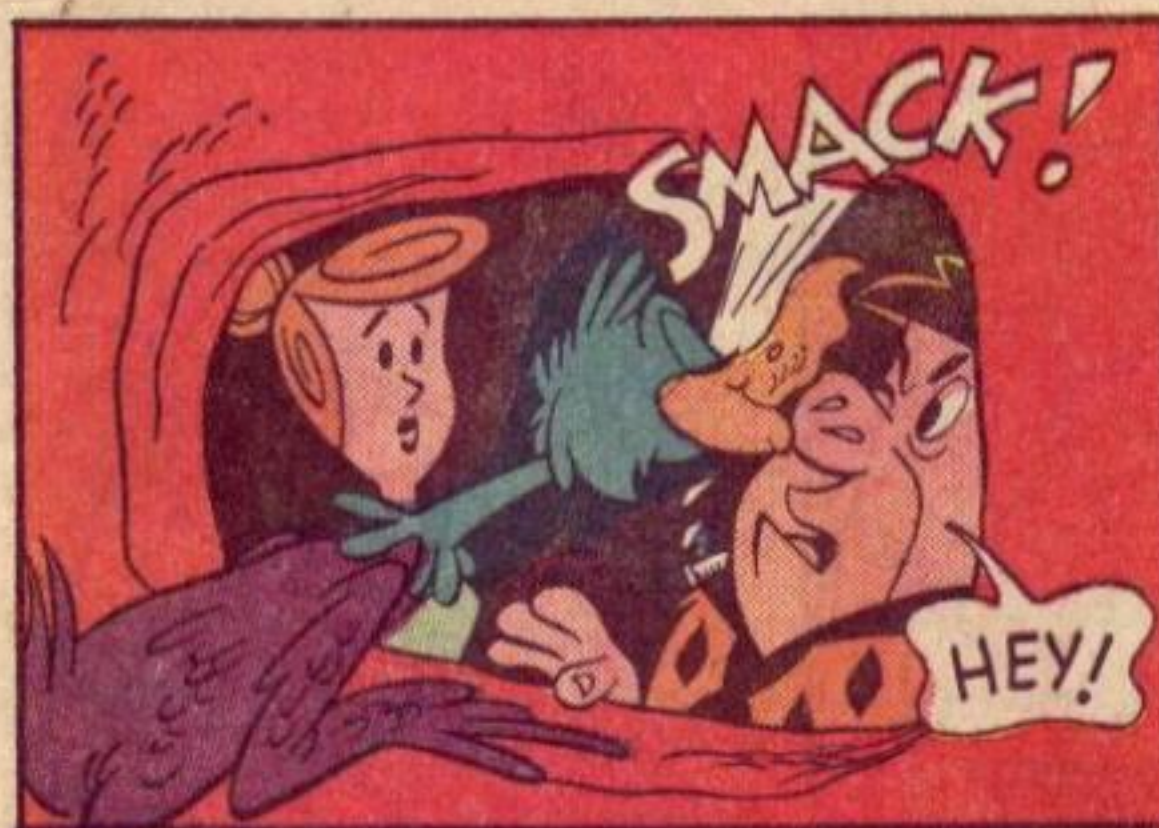
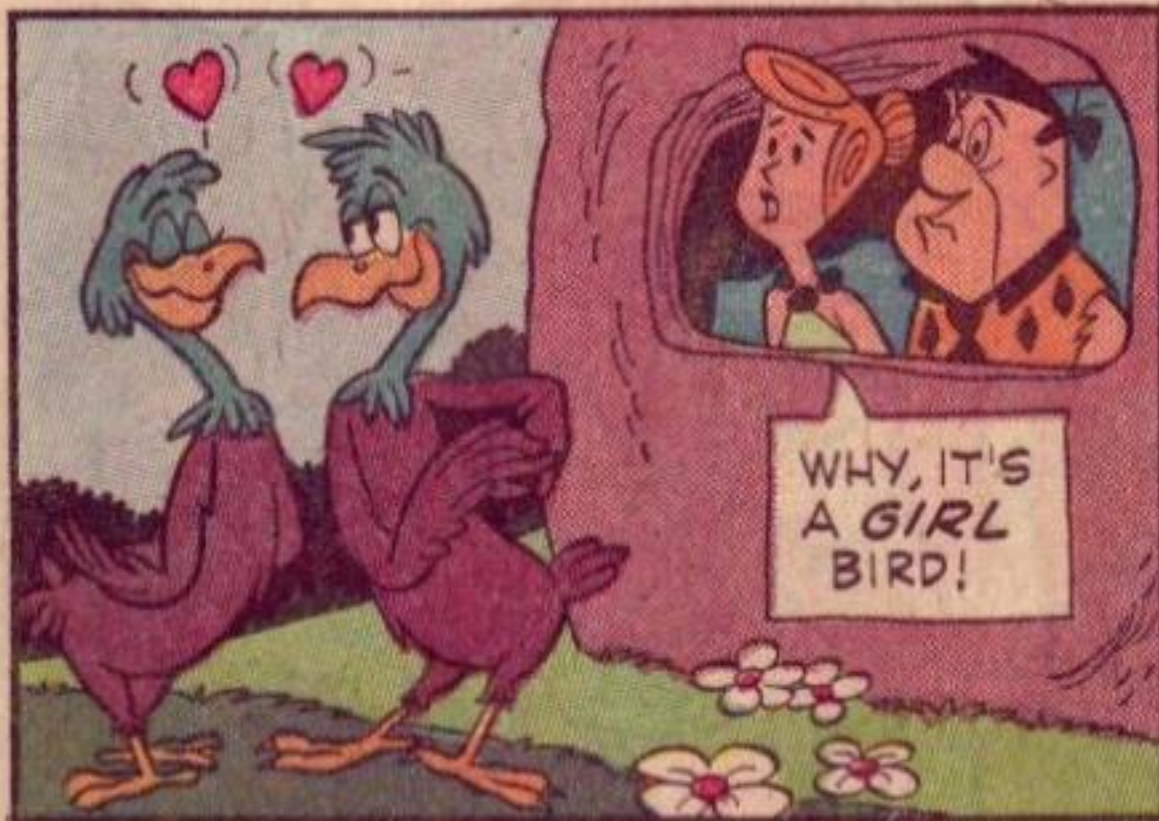










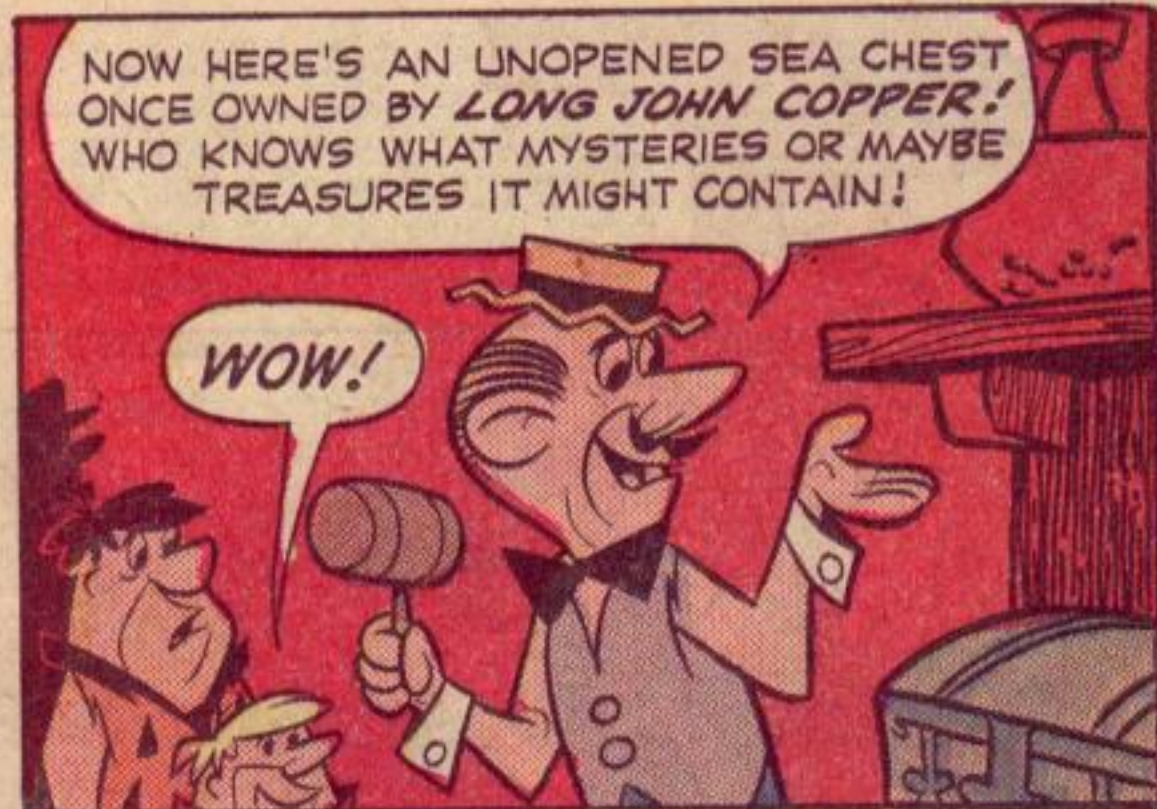




Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES  
TREASURE HUNTERS



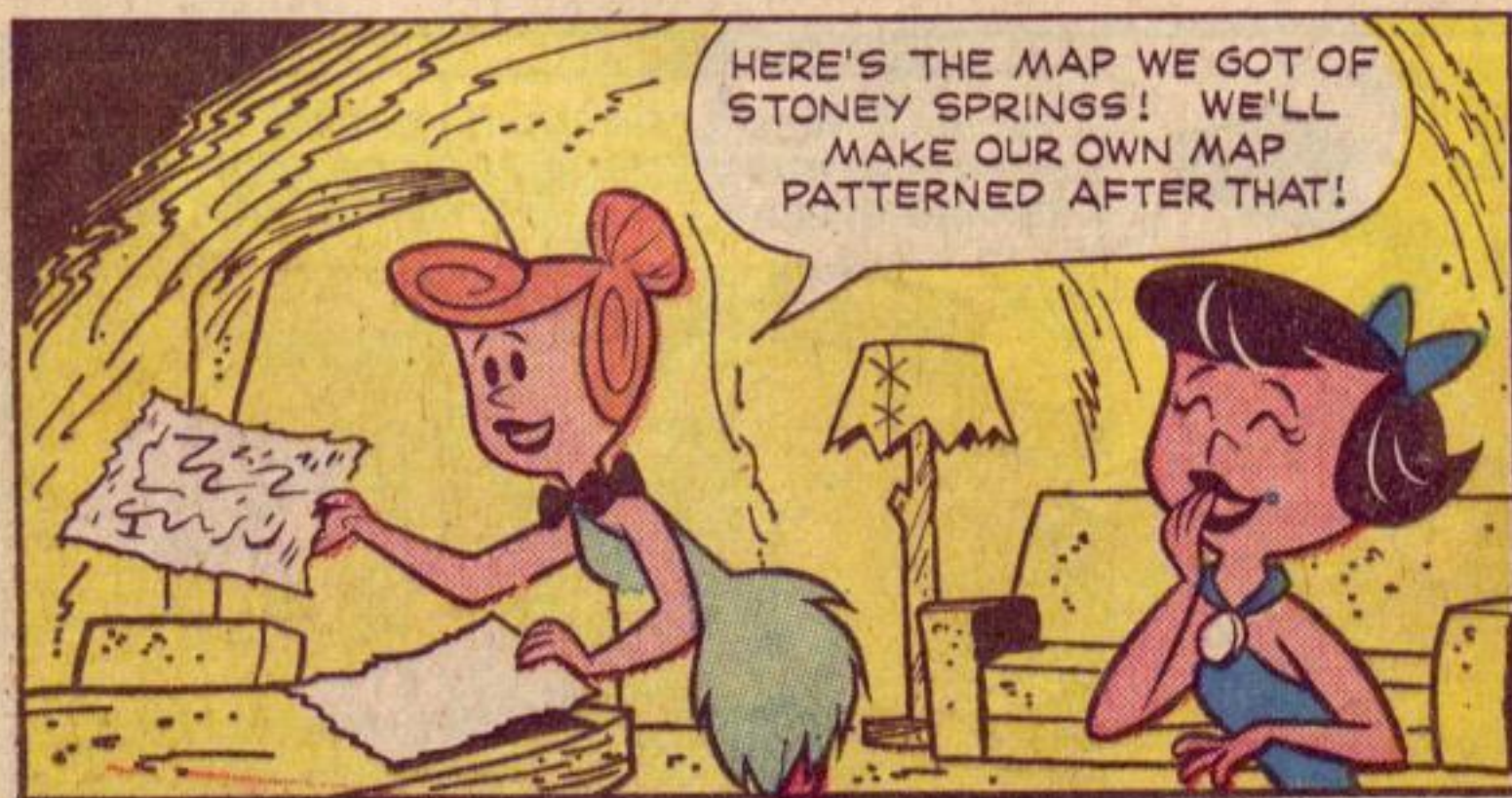
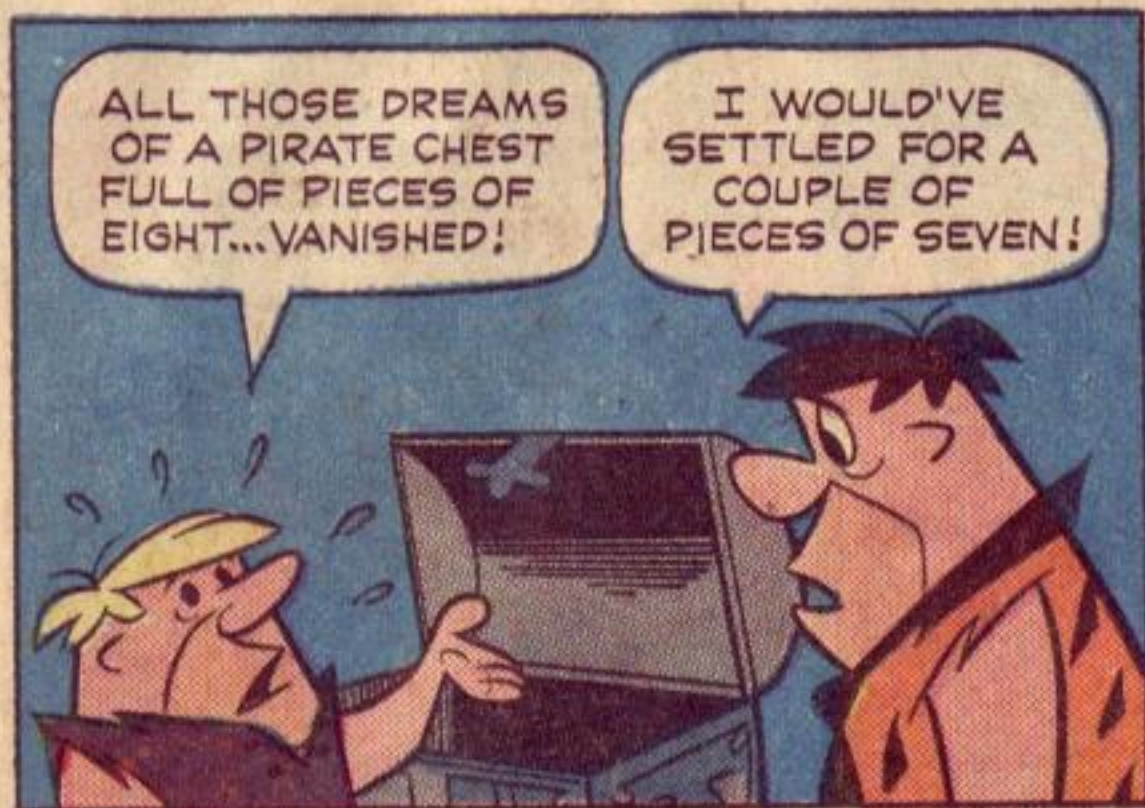




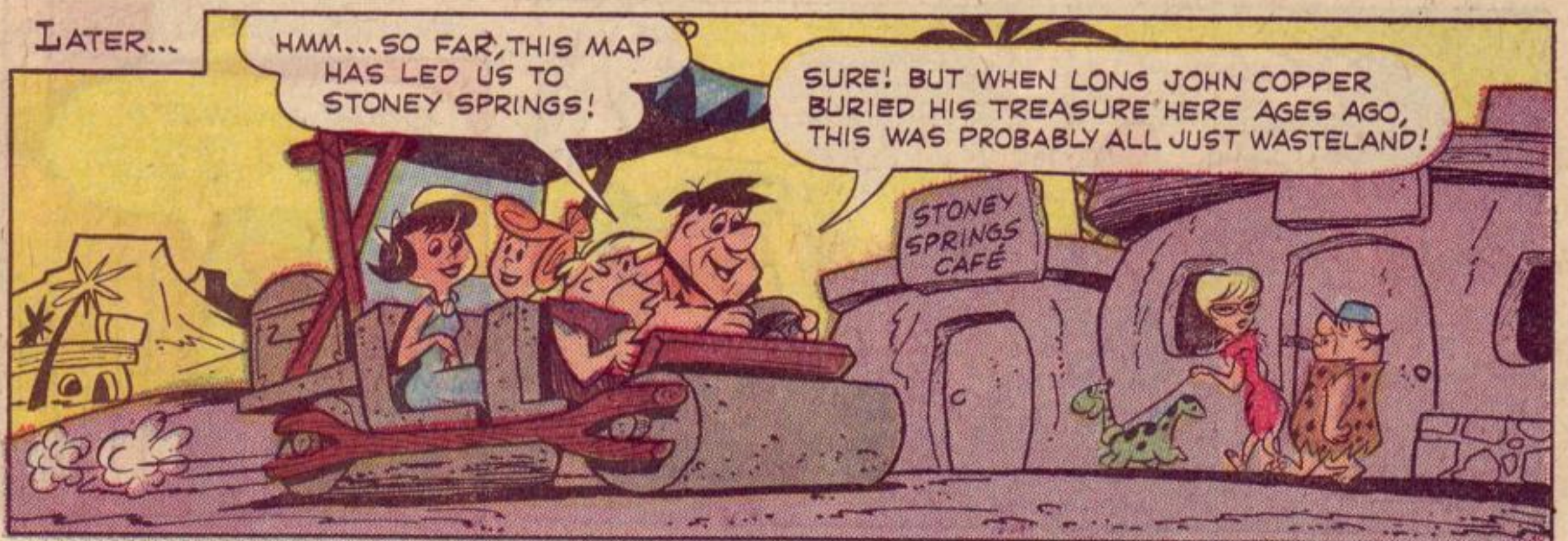




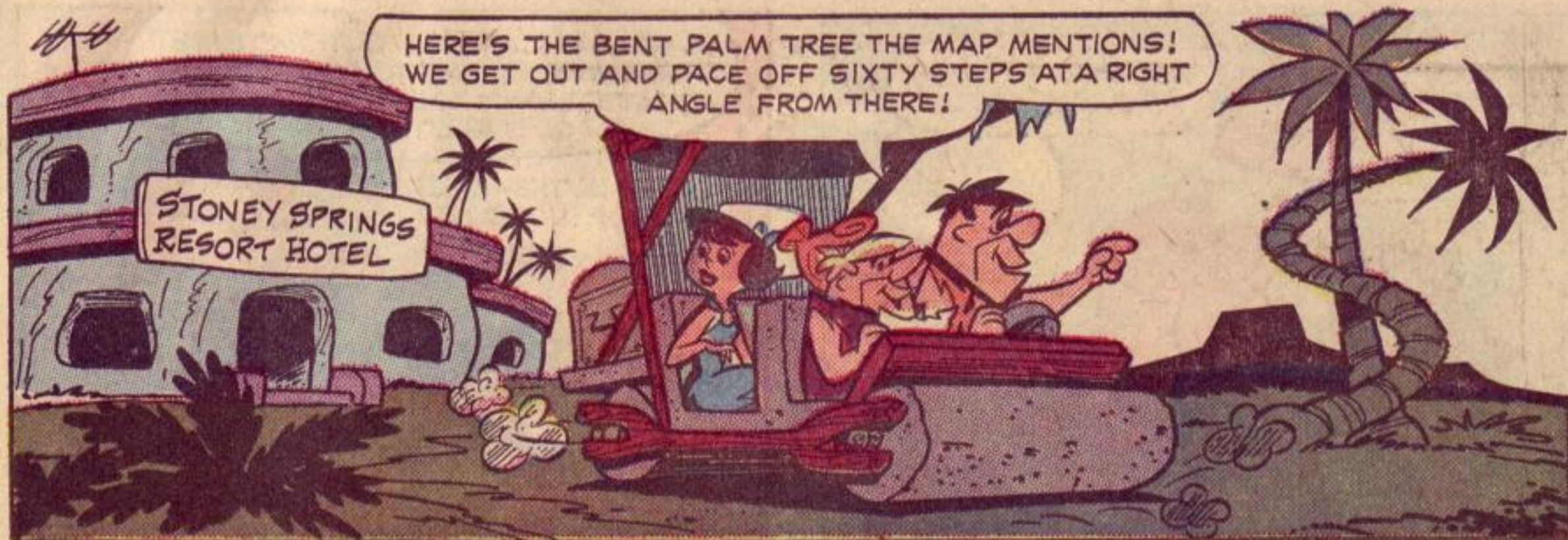




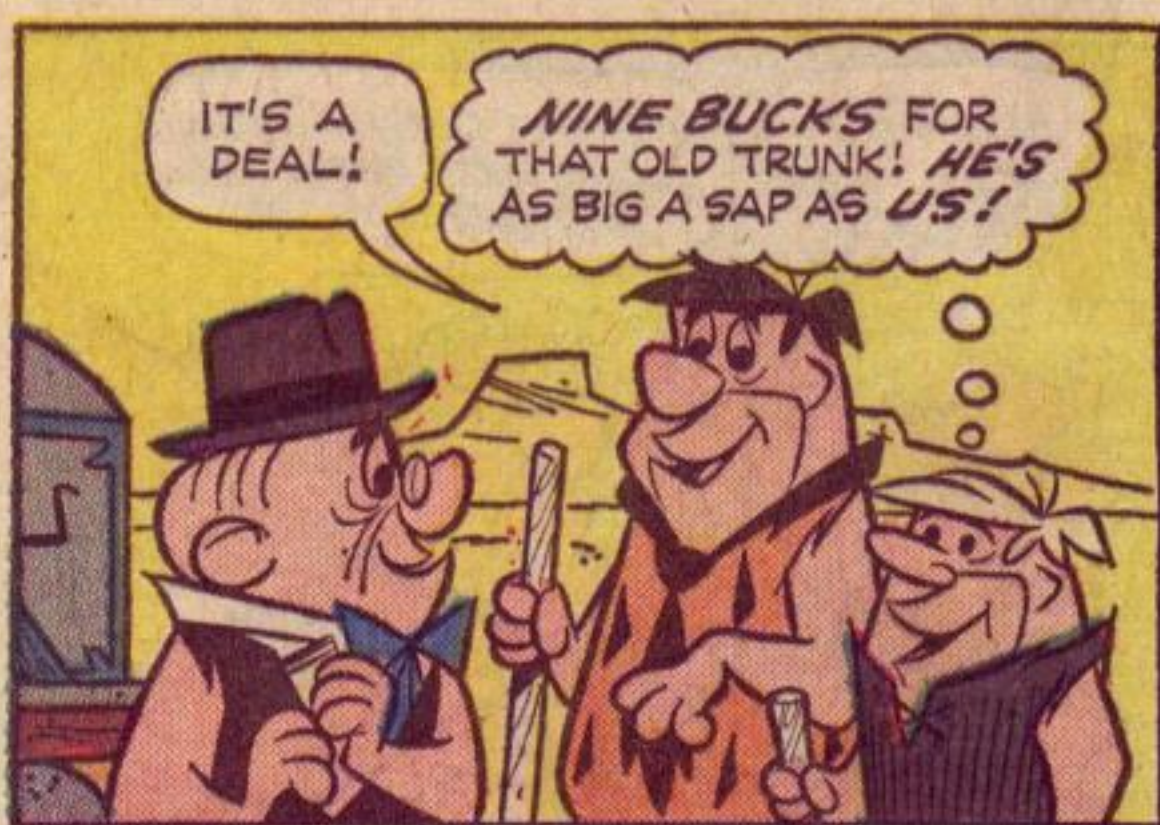
















YIPPEE! I GUESS WE KNOW A VALUABLE CHEST WHEN WE SEE ONE!

NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO GET EVEN WITH THE GIRLS!



THEY PLAYED A TRICK ON *US*, NOW *WE'LL* PSST...PSST...



SHORTLY...

WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?

JUST A HUNCH, WE PACED OFF SIXTY FEET IN THE *OTHER* DIRECTION OF THAT BENT PALM AND WE STRUCK IT *RICH*!



BUT, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

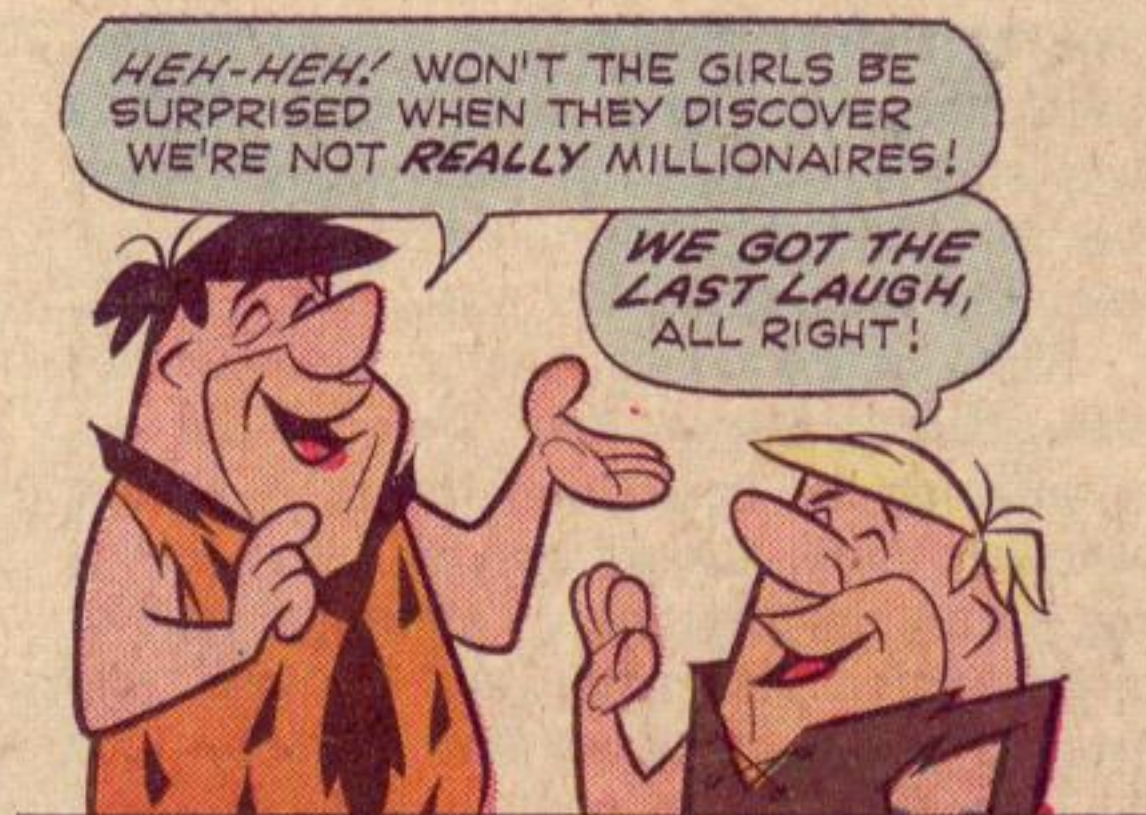
OH, YEAH? WELL, HERE'S THE PROOF! AND THERE'S THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!



WE'RE RICH!

NOW WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY'RE GOING?

PROBABLY GOING FOR SOME AIR BEFORE THEY FAINT!



HEH-HEH! WON'T THE GIRLS BE SURPRISED WHEN THEY DISCOVER WE'RE NOT *REALLY* MILLIONAIRES!

WE GOT THE LAST LAUGH, ALL RIGHT!



DID THEY?

OH, FRED! I'VE BOUGHT *HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS'* WORTH OF *NEW CLOTHES*! CHARGED THEM, NATURALLY!

BARNEY, IT'S SO WONDERFUL TO BE *RICH*! THE HUNDREDS I SPENT WILL BE A DROP IN THE BUCKET!

THE END



# the BEAT BEAT



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Rodney Rocktop had received a letter marked "Official Government Business." Now, nobody ever wrote to Rodney. Why should the government? Rodney pondered hard. Could it be to tell him to pay his income tax? No. He had no income to tax. Could it be a reminder about his social security? No. He wasn't social and he had no security. And it couldn't be a notice about a job, because he had never, ever, applied for one.

For four days, Rodney had been sitting at the same table in the Purple Zen Den, the same cup of cold café espresso before him, staring at his letter. The average person, of course, would have simply opened the letter and read it. But, though Rodney was simple, he was not average. He was a beatnik. And to a beatnik, the energy required to open a letter was just too much.

When, a few moments later, the door was energetically thrown open, Rodney did not even raise his head from the table to see who was there. It was a very tall, very husky, very muscular person . . . a strange type of man, one with a haircut and a shave, who wore a military-type uniform. Rodney took all this in when he mustered his strength to partly raise one eyelid.

"Stand up and be counted," the man commanded in a booming voice that rattled the plaster and set the spider webs swaying.

Stand up? It was all Rodney could do to lift the other eyelid.

"Oh, no, man," protested Rodney weakly. "Like, I'm a beat beat."

"On your feet," insisted the military man, who continued, as Rodney reluctantly dragged himself into an upright position. "How can I recruit you into the standing army when you're sitting down?"

At the words "standing army," Rodney slowly crumpled back into his chair.

"Why didn't you report for the draft like that letter ordered?" the man asked.

At last. Rodney knew.

"The army will make a man of you."

"Man, who needs it?" Rodney sneered.

"I'm the army's first sergeant," the man boasted.

Historically, he probably was, and before he left, Rodney would have been the first to say that he should have been the last.

"I don't dig you, dad," Rodney said.

"You'll dig in the army," First Sergeant assured Rodney, "trenches and foxholes."

"Who needs foxholes, excepting foxes?"

First Sergeant was not amused. "You'll need them," he replied, "on maneuvers."

"Like, what's maneuvers, man?" Rodney was always curious about new words.

"Well, for instance, when you march twenty miles carrying a full pack."

"Ugh," moaned Rodney. "What a drag."

By this time, both Rodney and First Sergeant were beginning to get the same idea. This battle between brain and brawn ended in a draw. Rodney (he was the brainy one) was too tired to speak, so brawny First Sergeant said it for both of them.

"Seems to me you could serve the army best by staying out of it. I'll put you down as an unconscious objector."

With that, the army clicked its heels and marched out of Rodney's life.

Rodney continued to sit in the Purple Zen Den, his cold cup of café espresso on the table, waiting for his beat buddies.

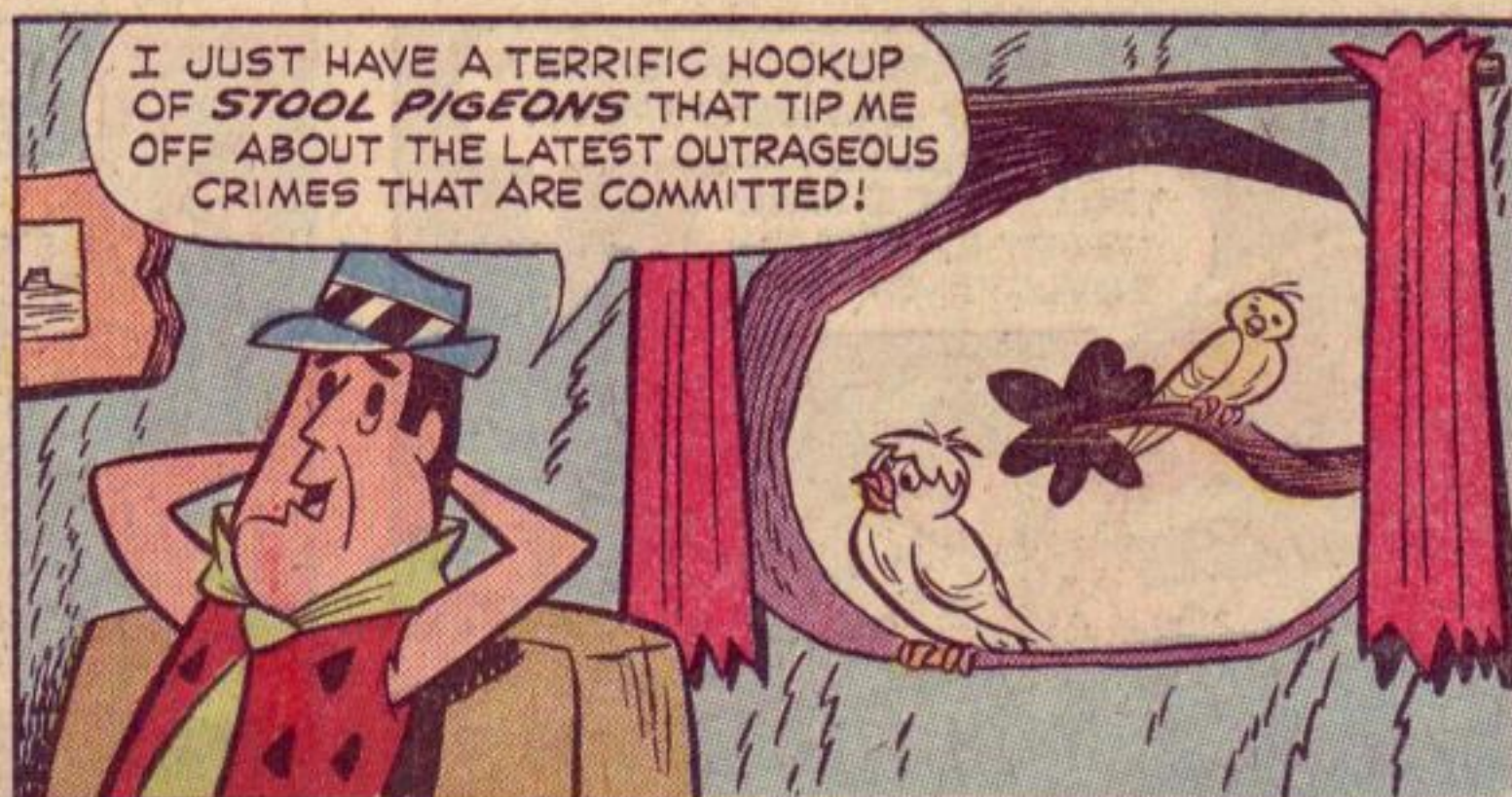
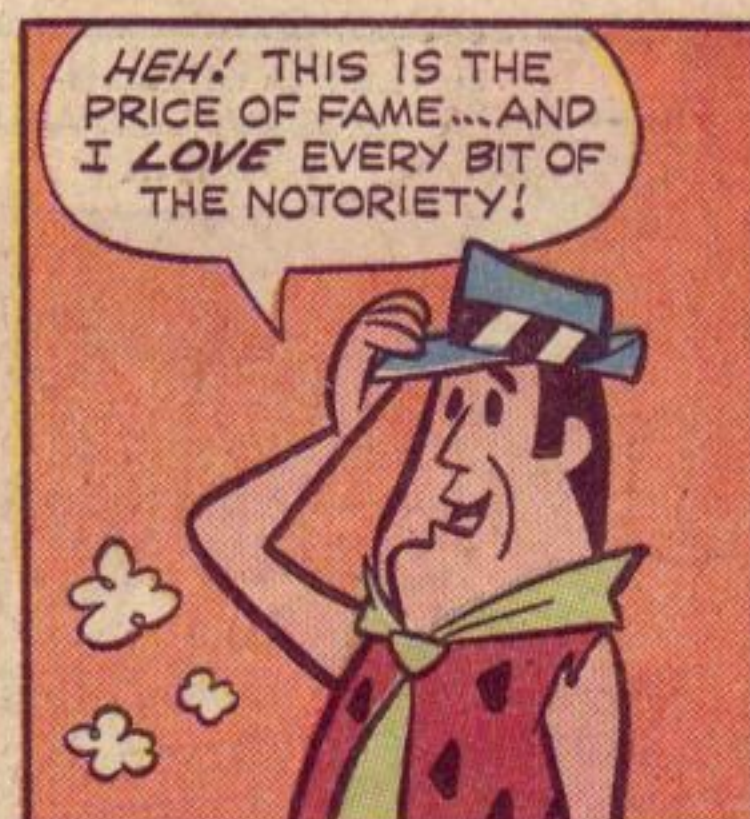
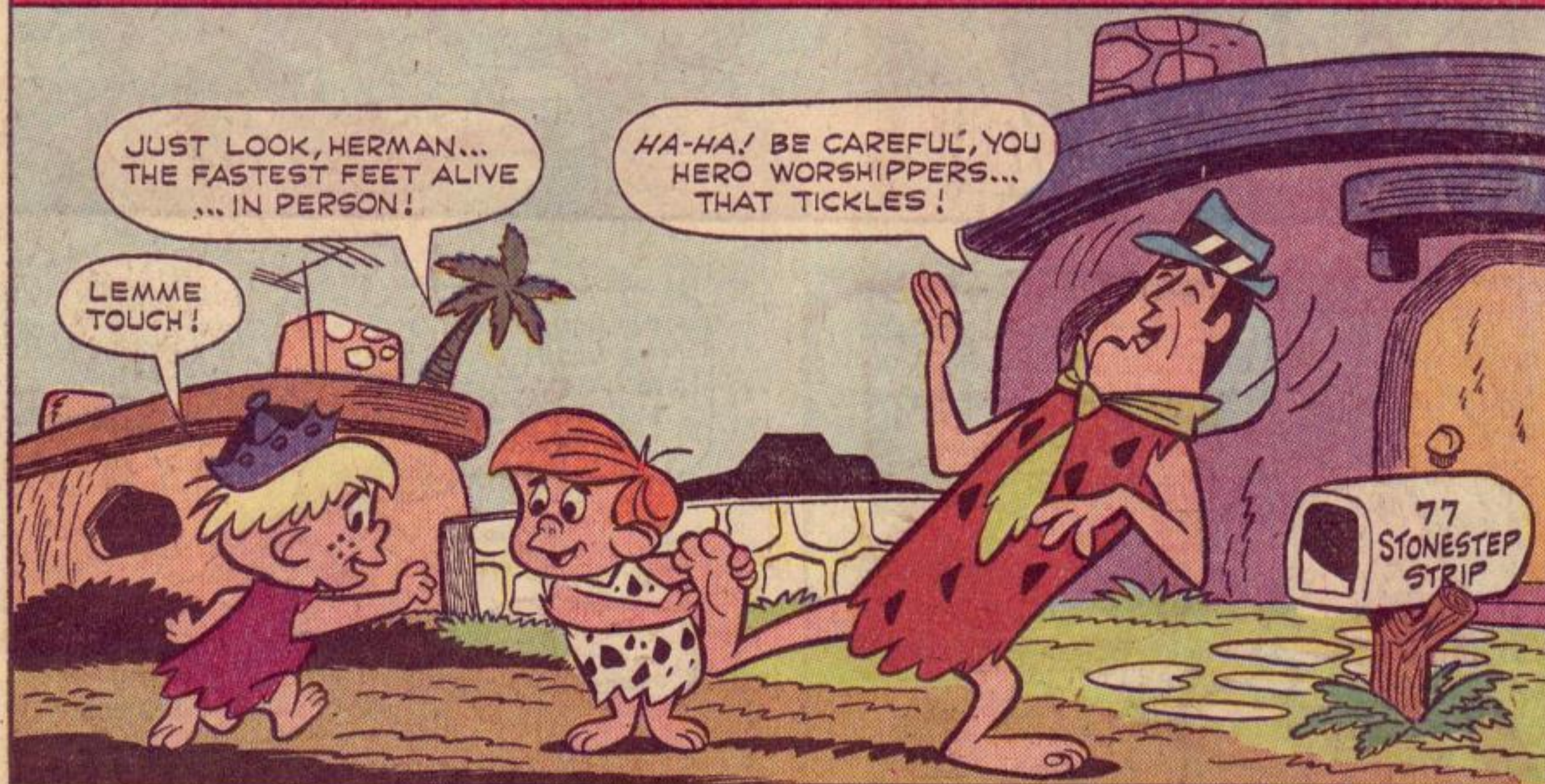
Historians claim that this episode inspired the famous saying, "He also serves who only sits and waits."



Hanna-Barbera

PERRY GUNNITE

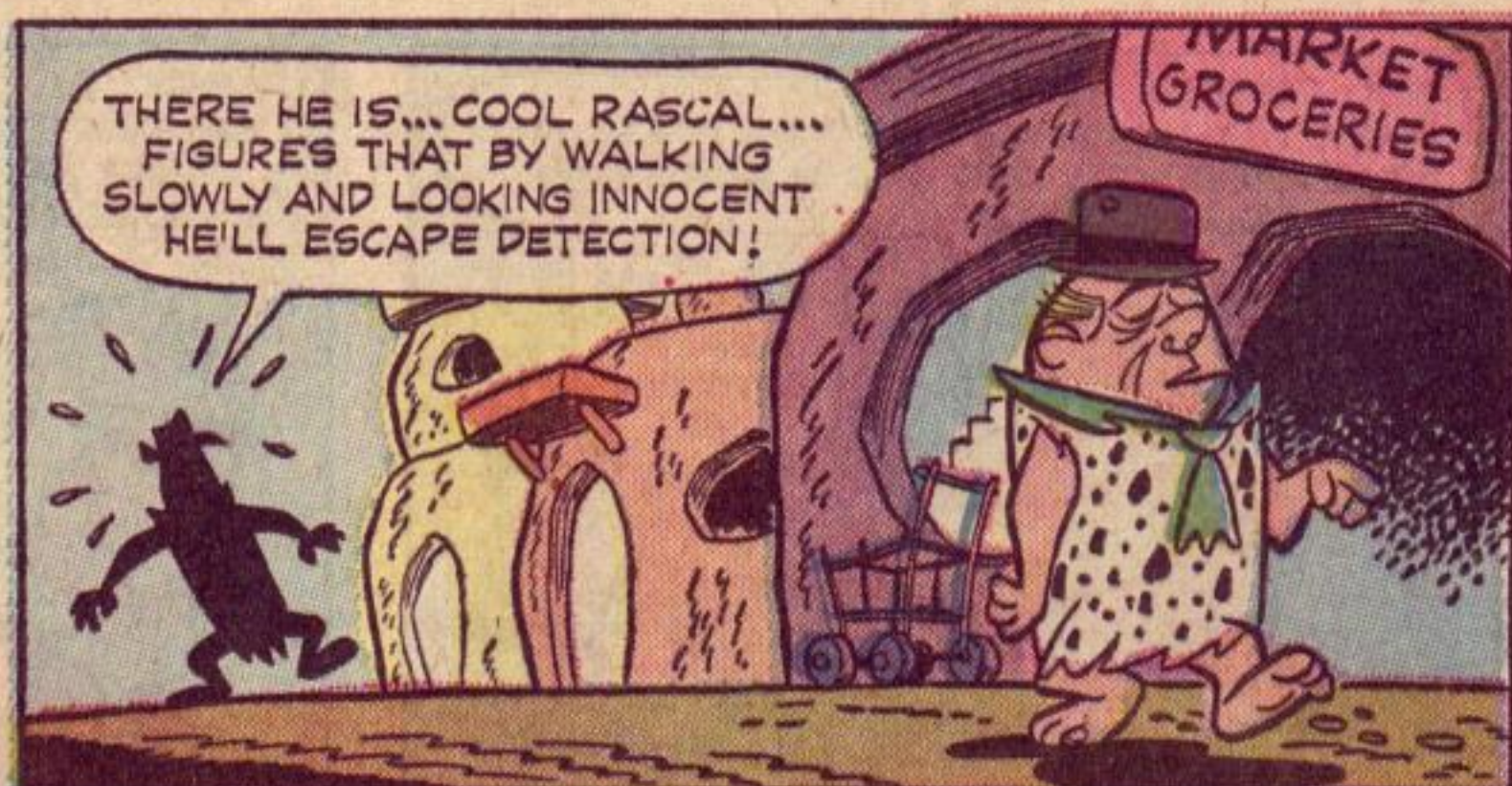
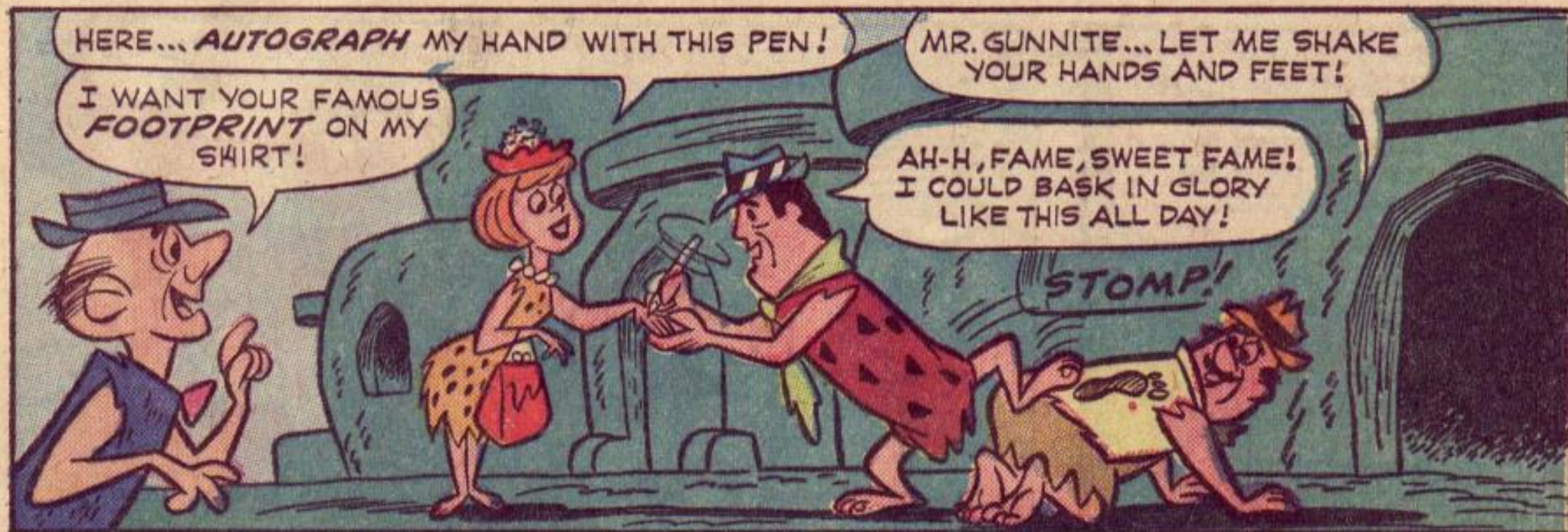
# THE INSIDE-OUT-JOB



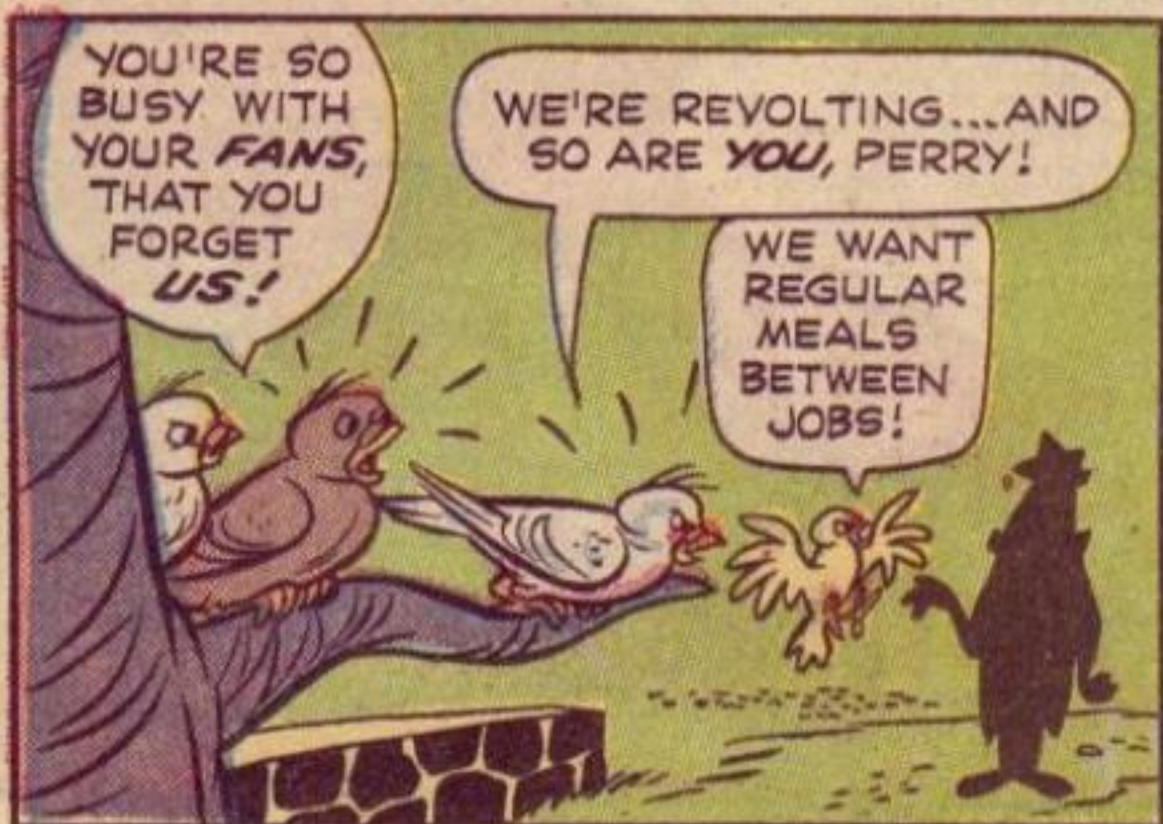














Hanna-Barbera  
**THE FLINTSTONES**  
**WHEN YOU**  
**WISH UPON**  
**A FISH**

SO LONG, WILMA! I'M MEETING BARNEY DOWN AT THE LAKE FOR SOME FISHING!

BUT, FRED, WHY ARE YOU TAKING YOUR OLD, VOICE-THROWING VENTRILLO-BUTTON?

HEH-HEH! THAT'S TO PLAY A LITTLE PRACTICAL JOKE ON BARNEY, IN CASE THE FISHING GETS DULL!

FRED, YOU SHOULDN'T ALWAYS BE PULLING JOKES ON POOR BARNEY!

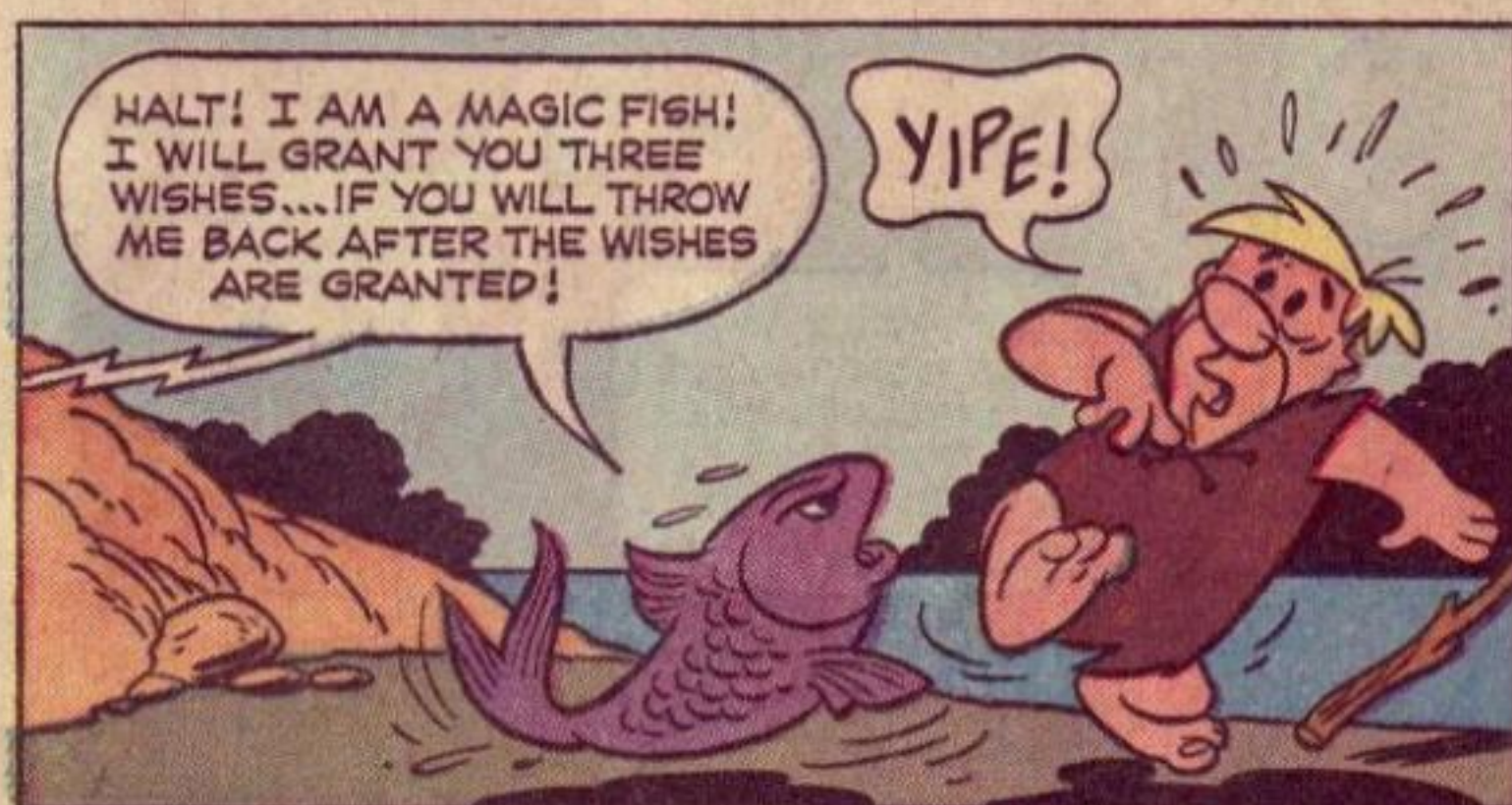
WHY? IT DOESN'T HURT ME A BIT!  
HA-HA!

HUMPH! SOMEDAY SOMEBODY WILL TEACH **YOU** A LESSON ABOUT PRACTICAL JOKES!

AND MAYBE THAT SOMEBODY WILL BE **ME!**

THIS GAG I'M GOING TO PULL ON BARNEY IS A REAL DOOZY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!





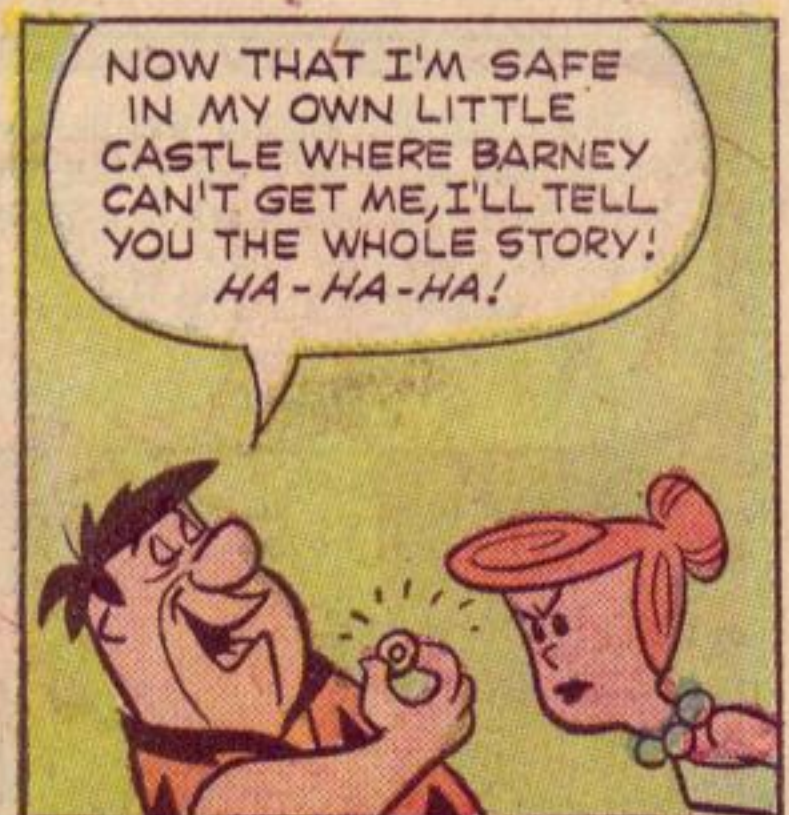














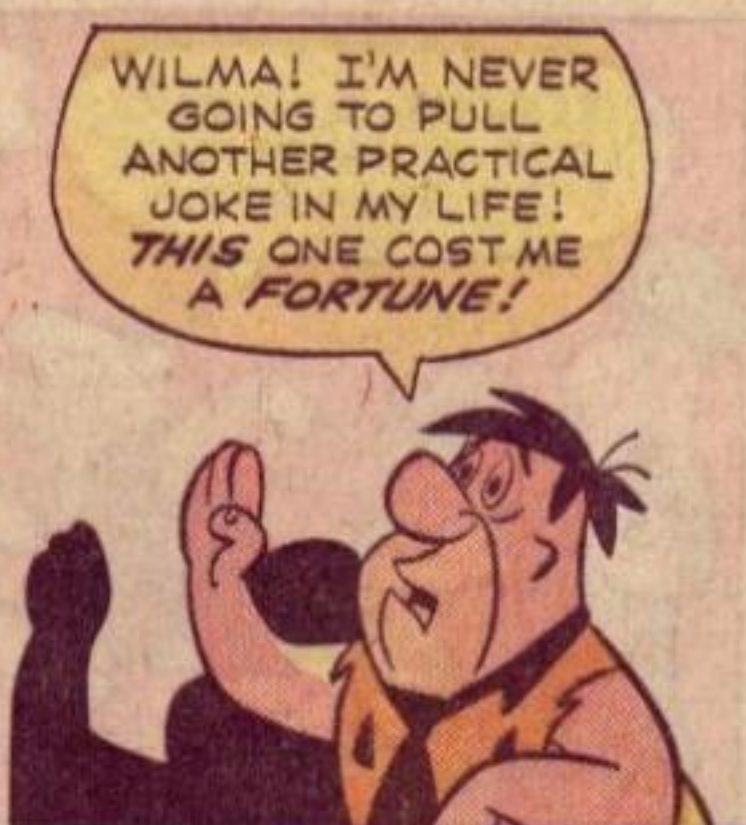
FRED TELLS ALL...



SOON...

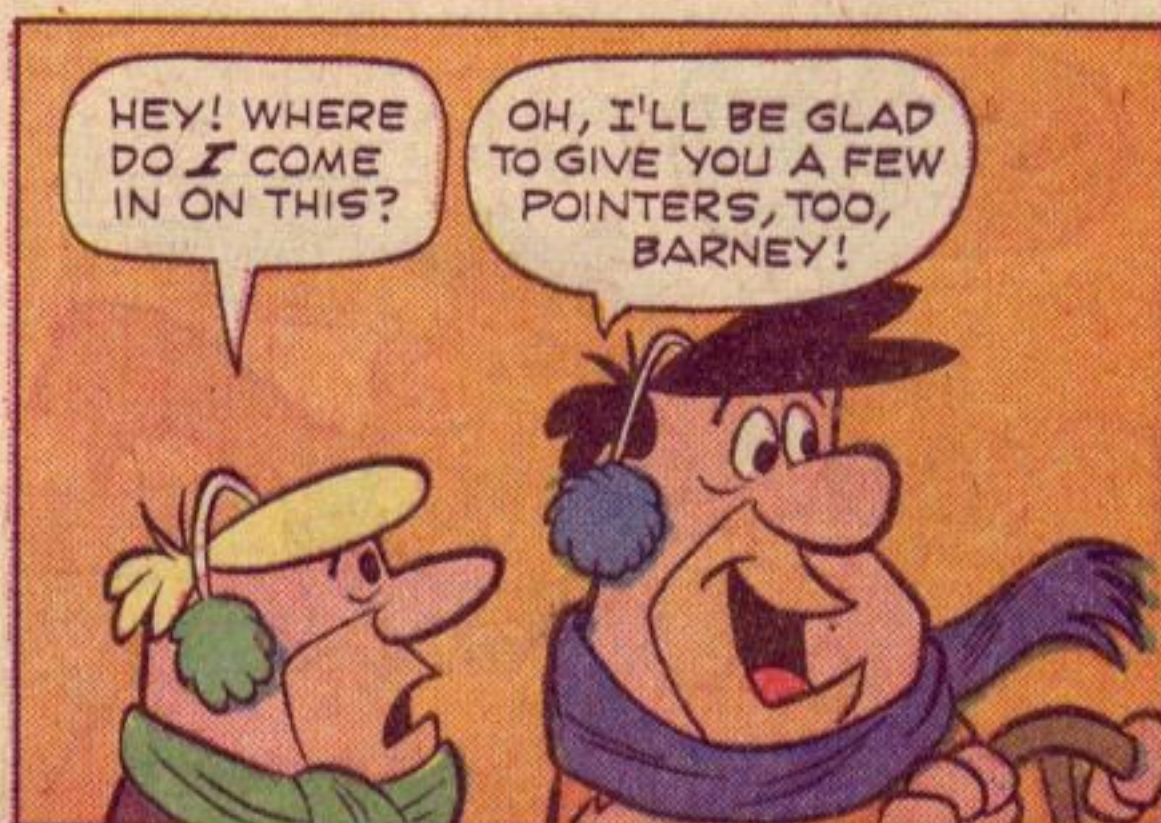


MANY HOURS LATER...





Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES  
SKI FOR TWO



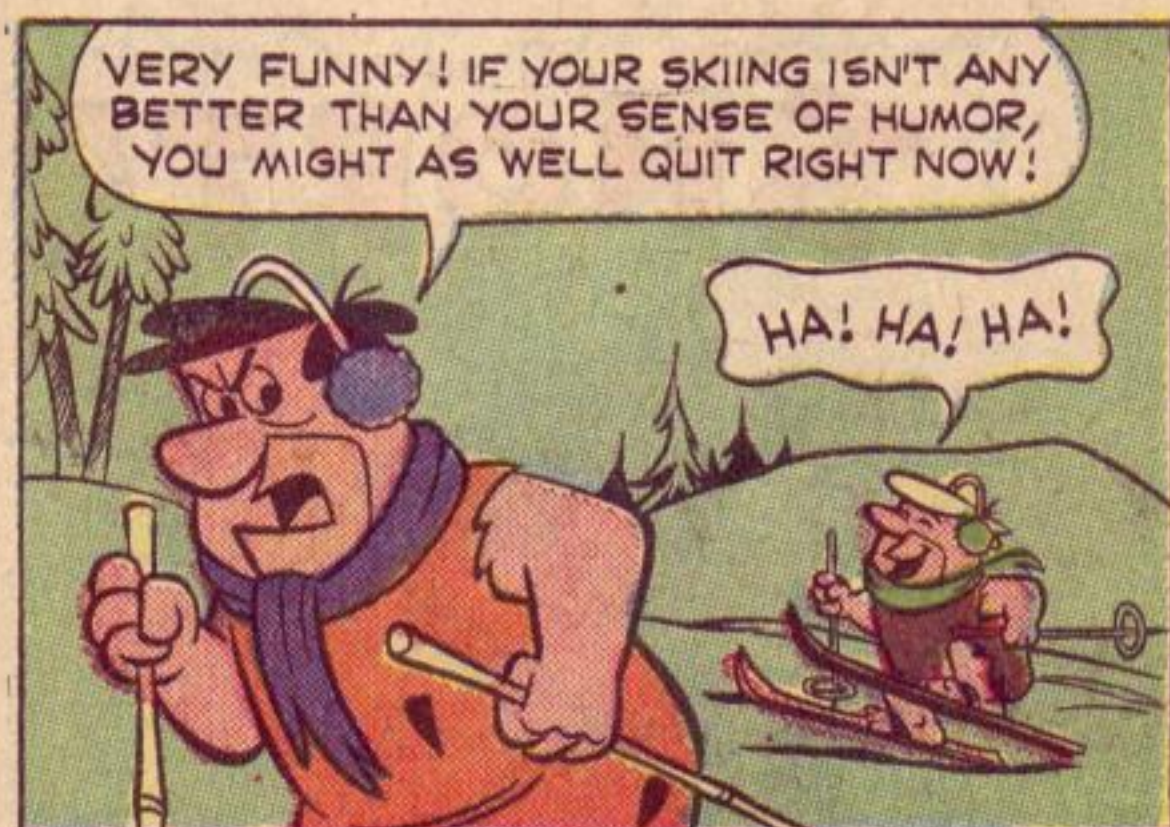
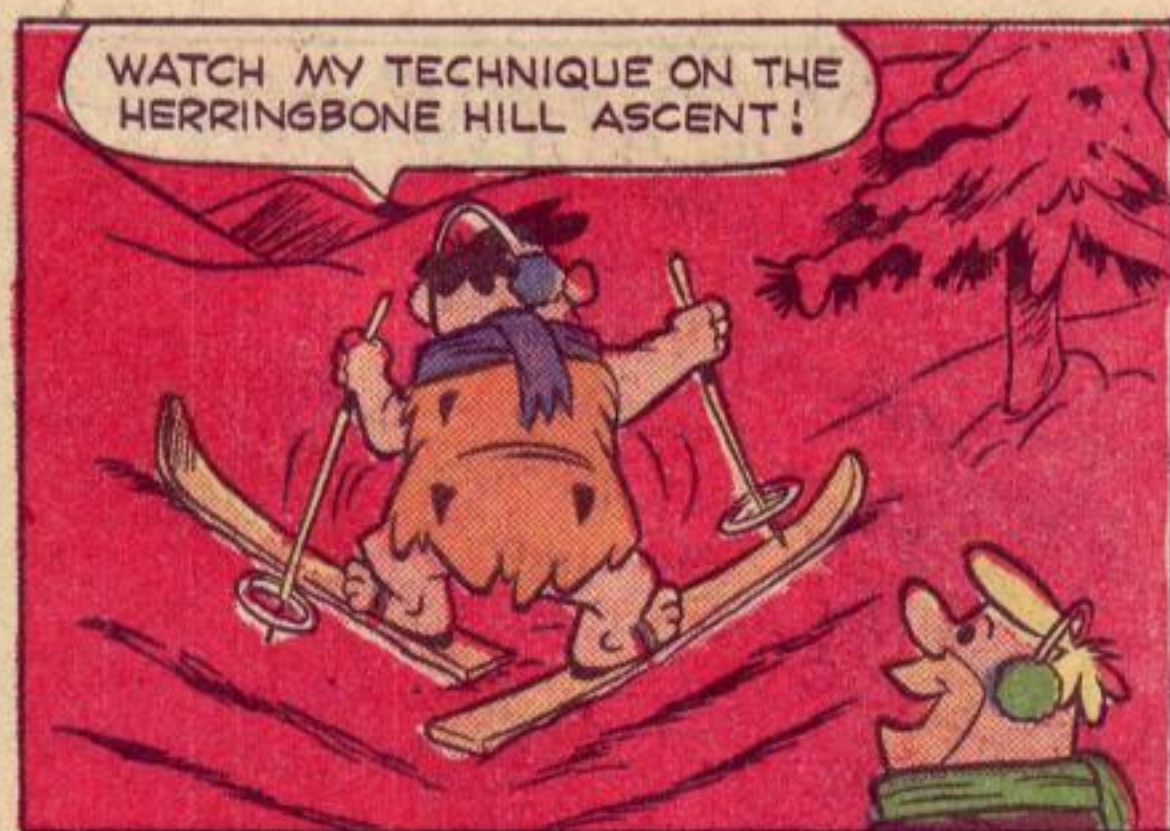




SHORTLY...







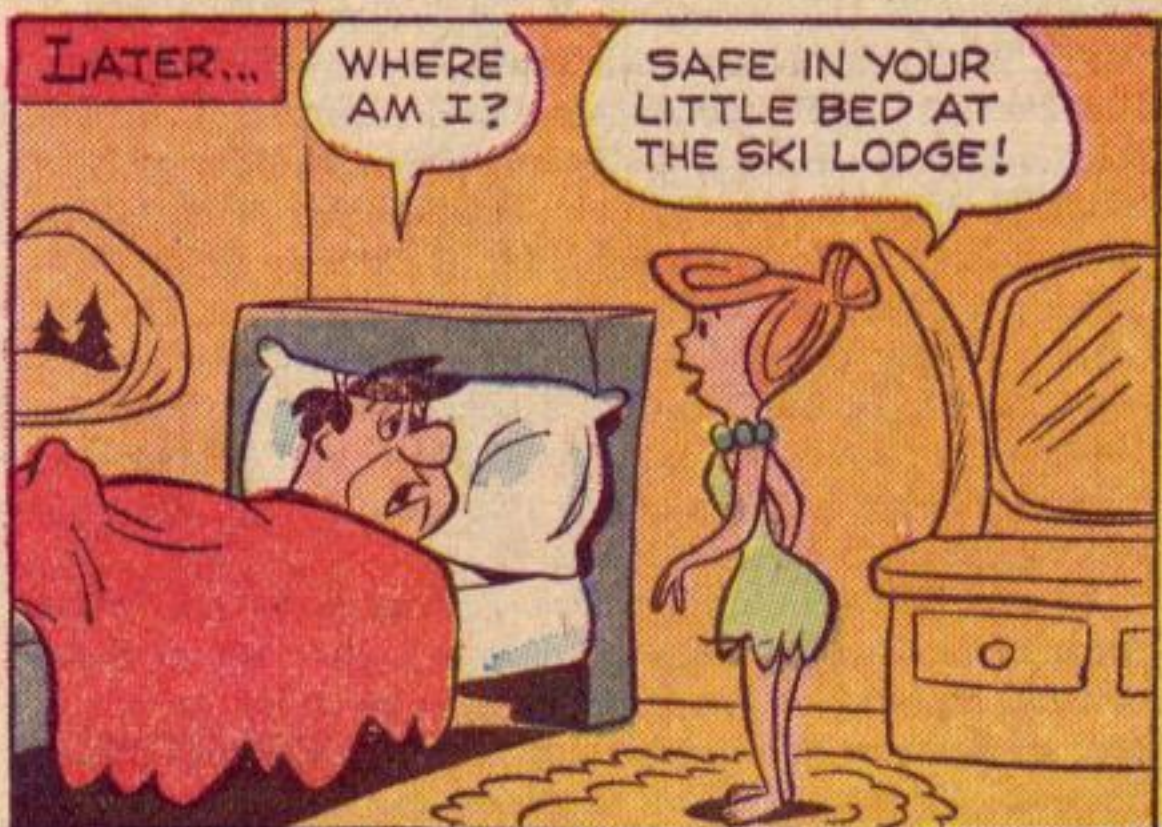
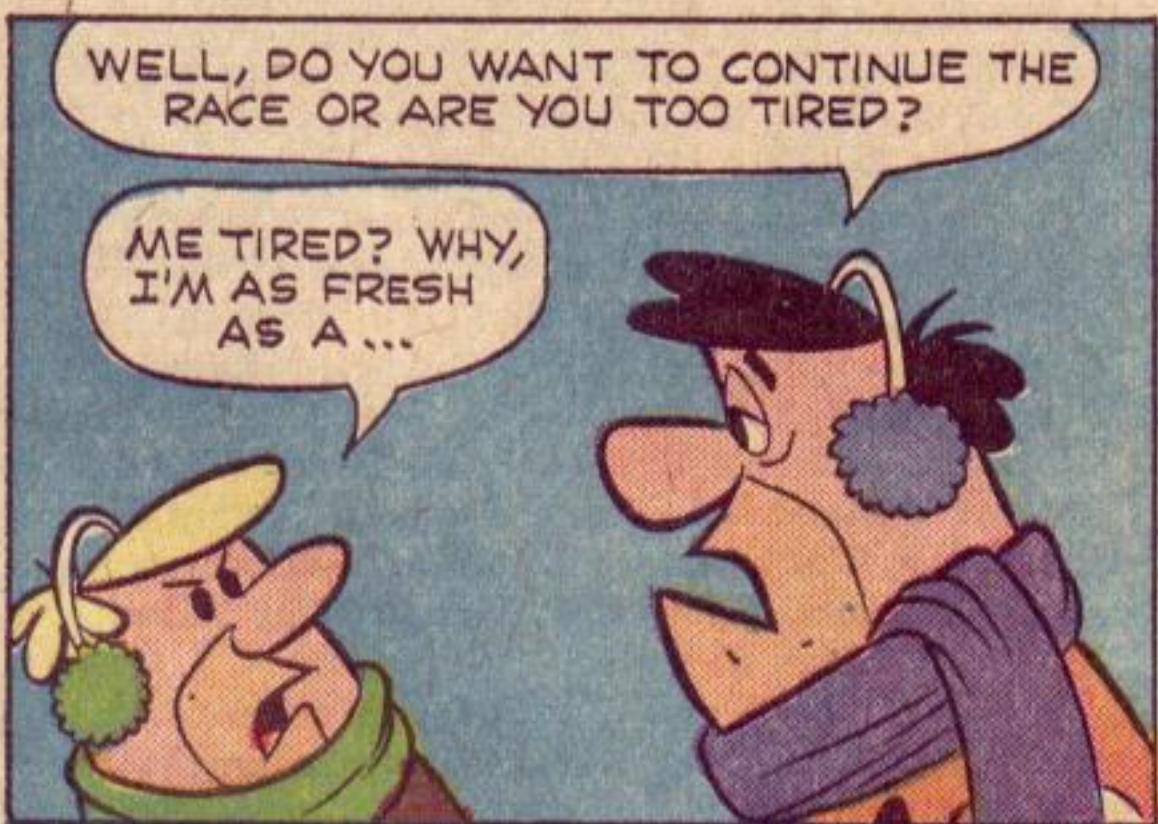




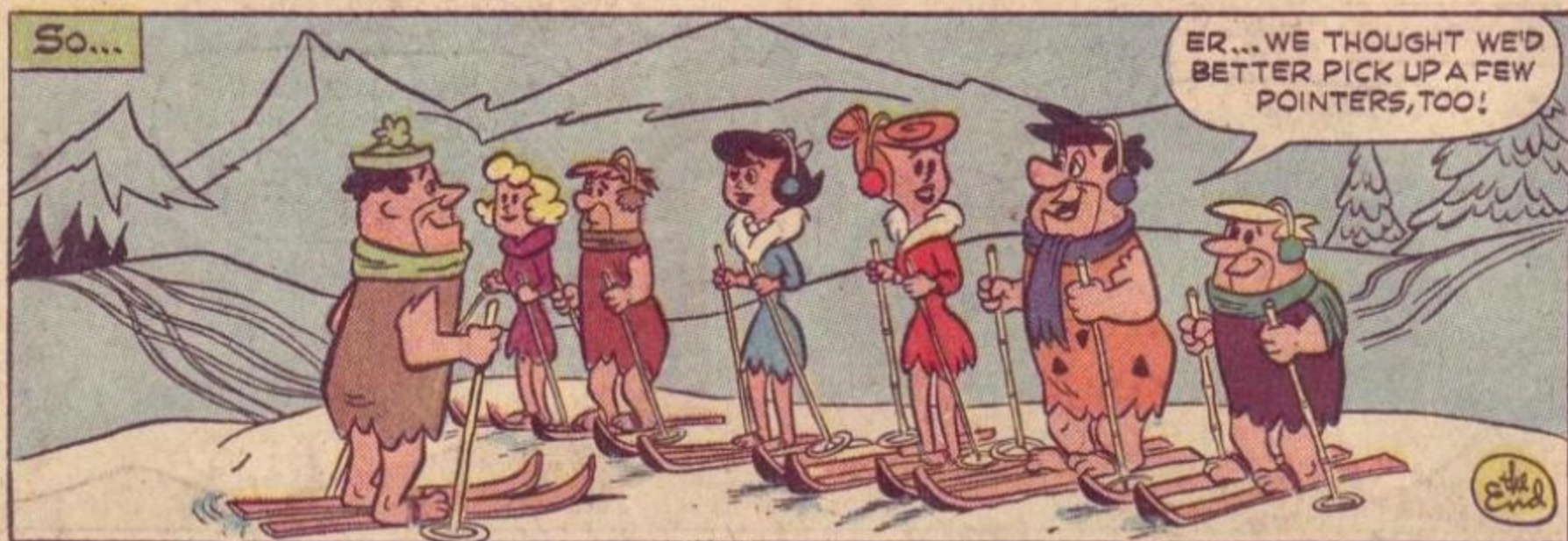




SHORTLY...









# THE FLINTSTONES

PIN-UP NO. 4

